The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XII NO. 20 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1935 TEN CENTS A COPY

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"Familiarity by no means always breeds contempt but rather unquestioning acceptance. A personal shock of some kind is usually necessary to arouse curiosity and encourage reflection about conditions, beliefs, and habits amidst which we have been reared" . . .

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BROTHERS THREE

by

JOHN M. OSKISON

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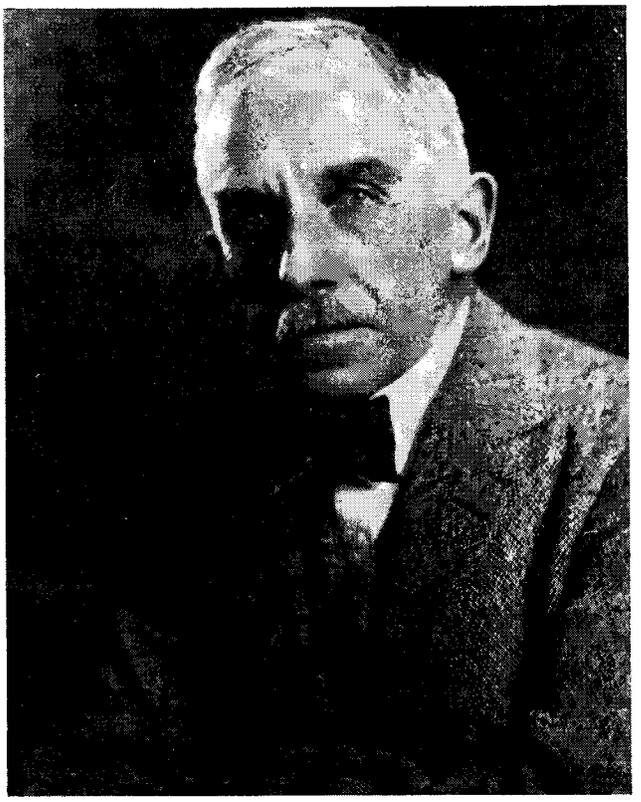
One Per Cent of Human History*

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON



JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

FAMILIARITY by no means always breeds contempt but rather unquestioning acceptance. A personal shock of some kind is usually necessary to arouse curiosity and encourage reflection about conditions, beliefs, and habits amidst which we have been reared; we have become so insensibly immersed in them that we just take them for granted. Unless in some respect they irk us grievously they are immune from analysis and criticism. To the overwhelming mass of mankind things familiar have always recommended themselves as over against novelties. For example, when Dr. Johnson was compiling his dictionary he rejected the word "civilization" as a suspicious novelty; he held that a term then in good standing, "civility," would serve admirably. Today this word suggests "urbanity," the refinements of town life at its best as contrasted with rusticity and boorishness. On the other hand the word of similar derivation and implication which Johnson excluded is now the prevailing name of something which is attracting more and more attention as time goes on. And what is this something called "civilization," the imminent destruction of which is now and then forecast? The fact that Dr. Johnson believed in 1772 that "civility" was the right word for what he had in mind is an illustration of the longstanding and respectable ignorance which was to be so sharply challenged by Darwin's "Descent of Man" a hundred years later. Johnson did not know that his ancestors a short way back in the history of the earth were wild animals leading a naked, speechless, houseless, fireless existence, picking up barehanded a living as raw and hazardous as that of a black bear.

This discovery of man's origin was the shock necessary to provoke that reconsideration of human achievement which has served to put man's career in an entirely new setting with the promise of greatly increased insight as this all important branch of knowledge is widened.

So far as the reviewer is aware there is no work superior or indeed equal to that in hand as an introduction to civilization as now understood and to the possibilities of future research. H. G. Wells urged that no part of human history could be properly grasped without some knowledge of man's whole past, and made this proposition the basis of his "Outline." Dr. Barnes received his training among historians and social scientists to whom this was becoming a commonplace. Wells grew weary, however, as he reached the indescribable complexities of the last hundred years and his account of them is but a hasty sketch compared with his story of earlier times. Dr. Barnes, on the contrary, has been able to combine an excellent summary of so-called ancient and medieval history with an astonishingly comprehensive presentation of existing Western civilization with all its recent revolutionary changes and agonizing bewilderments. He devotes his first and shorter volume to the background of our present scientific age, coming down to the results of the Protestant Revolt. He is slightly more than half through the second volume before he takes up the World War. The arrangement is topical with due attention to chronological order. The whole work would equal in extent about six of the seven volumes of Bury's edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." And roughly a quarter of the treatise concerns especially developments of the last twenty years.

The allocation of space is one of the most harassing problems that face everyone dealing with general history. The discovery of man's long existence on the earth compared with former guesses has made historians dissatisfied with the old framework of ancient, medieval, and modern times. If men have been living on the earth for a million or more years they had been on the job of generating and accumulating civilization for more than ninety-nine per cent of this period before what was once known as the Dawn of History arrived. Dr. Barnes suggests that if we want to adhere to the old terms we should have to call the Old Stone Age, ancient history, the New Stone Age, medieval, and the period since the erection of the pyramids, modern. "From the standpoint of time and culture alike, the whole civilization of man in the West since ancient Egyptian days is 'modern' in character. The term 'contemporary' history might well be applied to the relatively novel culture that has arisen since 1700 as a result of the growth of science, invention, business enterprise, and world trade." Although we often dwell upon the contrasts between our own time and all preceding human experience we generally but feebly sense the incalculable effects that

(*Continued on next page*)

* *THE HISTORY OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Harry Elmer Barnes with the collaboration of Henry David. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1935. *2 vols.* $10.

Next Week

GOVERNMENT IN BUSINESS
By STUART CHASE
Reviewed by Adolf A. Berle, Jr.

ULYSSES S. GRANT, POLITICIAN
By WILLIAM B. HESSELTINE
Reviewed by W. E. Woodward

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"WE ARE PART OF A MAGNIFICENT CREATION"
Drawing by Cesare, from "The History of Western Civilization."

new knowledge and ways of living are exerting on the whole range of beliefs and ideals. Indeed one of the chief aims of a history of civilization is to bring this devastating fact into relief.

Perhaps the best way to get an impression of the scope of our present civilization is to glance through the volumes of a comprehensive encyclopedia, which is an attempt to summarize human achievement. I say "summarize" because most of the articles are mere hints of the various arts and sciences, and for further particulars you are referred to special works. The first edition of the "Britannica" appeared only a short time before Johnson's Dictionary, and it is very instructive to compare its headings in number and content with those of the latest edition. A new dictionary at least as voluminous as Johnson's would be required to take care of a vocabulary unknown to him which is now necessary to describe new things and meet modern demands for more exact analysis and classification of old ones.

Dr. Barnes assigns chapter XIX of his second volume to the intellectual and cultural achievements of the nineteenth century, and closes his work with the outstanding scientific discoveries of the twentieth, and their influence on thought and belief in various realms of human interest—about 150 pages in all. Only a suggestion of the progress in the various fields of science and in the fine arts is possible but stress is properly laid on the change of attitude rather than a bare enumeration of discoveries and innovations, and many varied and striking quotations are recalled which illustrate humorously enough the indignant resistance of religious leaders and certain moralists and men of letters to the awesome readjustments they were summoned to contemplate.

> A general air of assurance and finality pervaded most members of the learned classes in previous generations. They felt convinced that they possessed precise and extended knowledge concerning God, the world, man, human destiny, the purpose and meaning of life, and all the other basic problems that confront man. Now all this is changed. We do have, to be sure, much more exact knowledge about the material universe and the biological nature of man, and we are coming to know more about the type of behavior most likely to insure human happiness upon this planet. But the meaning of the whole human drama and its setting in the cosmic scheme of things has become ever more baffling.

It is harder and harder to trace purpose in naive human terms in the whole process of evolution as it now appears. Opposite the author's remarks just quoted are portraits of Freud, H. G. Wells, John Dewey, and Einstein, all of whom would probably concur. The other day I came upon a notice of popular geological accounts of New Hampshire during the last three hundred and seventy-five million years. I happened also to open "What Is Faith?" by J. Gresham Machen, D.D. to whom salvation "presupposes the awful wrath of a righteous God." This idea seems to have been very recently discovered by Paul of Tarsus and might be condemned as modernism in the setting of New Hampshire history and even that of man's brief existence on earth. But however much theologians know of the awful wrath of a righteous God they are commonly very ignorant of his works which appear increasingly difficult to reconcile with their theories. This matter Dr. Barnes has treated with judicious moderation in a special work, "The Twilight of Christianity."

What Dr. Barnes calls "the futile anguish of even cultured intellects with a retrospective yearning" is illustrated by a lamentation of President Butler.

> No small part of the social and political diseases and disorders that are now so generally discussed may be traced to the destruction through unsound educational methods of that common body of knowledge and intellectual and moral experience which held men together through a community of understanding and of appreciation. A steadily growing unity has been displaced for a chaotic multiplicity.

Dr. Butler does not reveal the way in which a salutary common body of knowledge, such as he assumes once existed—with, no doubt, its concomitant common body of ignorance—is to be restored. He hints that we should revert to the wisdom of the Greeks and gain a real understanding of history as he sees its lesson.

Dr. Barnes usually refrains from a direct expression of his personal opinions but in bringing his work to a close he says:

> Very often those who most greedily accept and enjoy the products of modern science and technology are engaged in bitter attacks upon science as a whole and upon the scientific approach to life. Not infrequently persons who are most exacting in their demands for the most recent provisions in plumbing, the best medical attention, the most efficient and up-to-date automobiles, and the rest, are found at the same time defending classical or medieval civilization as the ideal period of human development.

In short we need not merely contemporaneous bathtubs but also "contemporaneous intellectual attitudes and assumptions." Certainly it would be diverting to send President Butler to report on the Athens of Aristophanes if we can accept this dramatist's description of the daily habits of his glorious city, or to condemn Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc to a month's sojourn in the most palatial accommodations available in the Age of Faith. But that's something else again.

Dr. Barnes's work as a whole is the outcome of a conviction which he expresses at its close.

> The stupendous changes wrought by critical thought, science, and technology in our material civilization have given rise to problems that can be solved only by a corresponding development of the various social sciences which deal with the diverse aspects of social life that have been so thoroughly revolutionized since the days of George Washington. We can no longer hope to receive adequate guidance in these matters solely from the theologian, the metaphysician, or the politician. Instead, we must bring the social sciences up to something like the same level of development and objectivity that has already been attained by the natural and applied sciences.

The point of departure for this hoped-for advance in the so-called social sci-

(*Continued on page* 16)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XII, No. 20, September 14, 1935. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879.

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In Search of the Meaning of Life

THE ROOT AND THE FLOWER. By L. H. Myers. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a trilogy, containing two novels, "The Near and the Far" and "Prince Jali," which have already appeared and have now been reviewed, and a third, "Rajah Amar." The story told in these books is not yet complete; this trilogy is but the first volume of a larger work, which, when it is completed, may well take its place as one of the most important works of fiction of our time. For it brings back the aspect of eternity to the English novel. It is laid in the age of Akbar, the great Mogul emperor of India who was a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth; but the author says frankly in a foreword that this is not a historical novel, that Akbar is the only character drawn with any regard for historic truth, that he has chosen his *mise-en-scène* in order to present problems, freed from the accidents of our own social conditions, and yet set under conditions which involve a minimum of explanation. The average reader, he feels, will know enough and not too much about sixteenth-century India. And, one may add, his locale has the advantage of enabling him to introduce naturally a number of recognized schools of thought. Young Prince Jali, the protagonist of one volume, is the son of an enlightened Buddhist and a Christian lady from the Caucasus; and there are besides representatives of a score of religions and philosophies.

The whole action is motivated by the rivalry between Akbar's sons. The interest, however, is not in the single, simple intrigue which runs through the whole three volumes and is left unconcluded at the end of them, but in the speculations it provokes in the actors, who all, in their own reflections and in conversations, consider the philosophy of what they are doing—the philosophy of society; the philosophy of the soul.

L. H. MYERS

It is a unique method, and one that is only intermittently successful. Sometimes one can accept the story as taking place in the plane of essential humanity, but sometimes one is unavoidably conscious that the book is in the seventeenth century but not of it. The method, however, triumphantly justifies itself in the whole middle third, "Prince Jali," where the events, the experiences of murder and first love, are used as the necessary material for an extraordinarily delicate and deep study of a difficult adolescence.

But if the method is successful only at times, the content is always worth pondering and remembering. On every page there is some remark, about politics or people or God, which bears the mark of a mind which is, as so few are, both keen and deep. From it all there emerges in time a position, general indeed, but one which the author holds with utter conviction,—that the important thing in life is the difference between those who do, and those who do not, recognize the eternal and divine elements in life. One will watch eagerly for the conclusion of this work, as one which shows a sensibility naturally as great, if not as artificially hypertrophied, as that of Proust, engaged upon the real meaning of life.

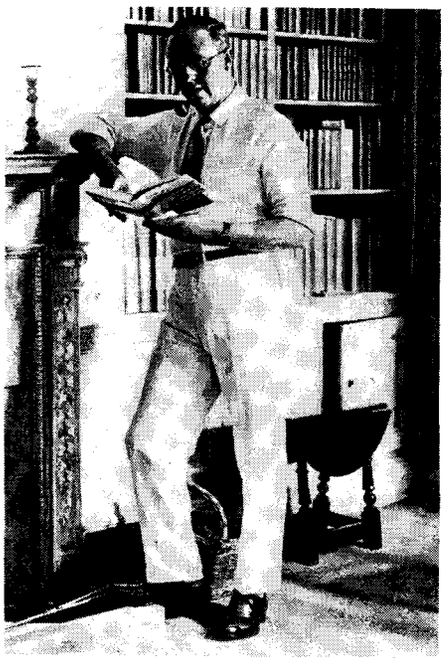
Long Loyalties

WHITE LADIES. By Francis Brett Young. New York: Harper & Bros. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG has written a novel a year for a good number of years now, and each novel each year has been written about by a good number of reviewers. In this way a veritable Francis Brett Young review vocabulary has been built up and anyone wanting to say anything about him at this late date has to make a deliberate choice between using the old words and phrases once more or, in a desperate attempt at originality, trying something new and misrepresenting the book. For his recent novels all have more in common than they have of difference.

The Young novels are long, they are leisurely, and they have much in them of the Victorian technique. They almost invariably tell a good story with an ample background and many characters. They speak lovingly for the old order, but they recognize the inevitability of the encroaching new. No one creates with more ease or greater reality than Mr. Young the English scene and the English family. Here he meets, however different the interest and the attack, Bennett and Galsworthy upon their own ground and without suffering through the comparison.



FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

White Ladies was a house, or more properly an estate, in the possession of the Pomfrets since the medieval nuns who left it its name had been ejected. But the Pomfrets had scattered and had no money to keep the place up, so it stood vacant and abandoned when Bella Tinsley came upon it and fell in love at first sight. Have it she must. When Hugo Pomfret refused, from the safety of Capri, to sell it at whatever price, she very calmly started for that island. She returned as Mrs. Hugo Pomfret. The husband and wife may have had little personal feeling for each other, but they had one passion in common,—their beloved White Ladies. From this point on, the story is of the attempt to reclaim the house out of the past and for the present, with the house rebelling every step of the way and winning ultimately in its fight to keep clear of possession by the Tinsleys.

This love of Bella's for White Ladies is the spring which lies tightly coiled at the heart of the story, but the tensions which hold that spring in place come, strong and sure, out of the past. The earlier Tinsleys, especially the first Arabella and the dark stranger whom she married, were of the spark-flying, chip-falling type of characters that spellbind the reader or the listener wherever good stories are told. It is not without regret that one takes leave of these sturdy forerunners of the main plot. But Mr. Young does not practise fictional economy. He is full of plots and people and lavish in his use of them.

The present novel shows its author at his own uncanny best in endowing things and places with qualities that give them the poignancy of human nature. The bitter determination of the house, White Ladies, gives to its portrayal a deep and tragic note. Inanimate loyalties are long loyalties.

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Surrealists and Neo-Romantics

AFTER PICASSO. By James Thrall Soby. New York: Dodd Mead & Co. Hartford: Edwin Valentine Mitchell. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED H. BARR, JR.

IN Paris before the war the advance guard of painting moved from the decorative violence of Matisse and his companions through the various periods of Cubism to an ever narrower concentration upon the esthetics of formal design. The experience of looking at a painting was often reduced to tasting the arrangement of quasi-geometrical patterns. Subject matter and its associations were sometimes entirely eliminated.

The puritanical tradition of the Cubists and their even purer successors is by no means dead. Painters of the 1930s, both old and young, still paint squares and circles with an air of virtue and discovery in spite of the fact that excellent squares and circles were painted twenty years ago. But to the advance guard of today such painting even as a *reductio ad absurdum* is no longer interesting.

Boredom with esthetic purity and "plastic values" expressed itself during the war in the aggressive anarchy of Dadaism. After the war, the Dadaists, both painters and writers, converged on Paris from Switzerland and Germany. Out of Dada with Freud as midwife sprang Surrealism. A little later than Surrealism but far less conspicuous another movement emerged which has recently been called Neo-Romanticism.

"After Picasso" is an account of these two Parisian movements—their common rejection of Cubist esthetics; their frequent dependence upon so-called "literary" qualities of sentiment, anecdote, mood; their insistence in short upon the validity and interest of subject matter. Mr. Soby is especially interested in the Neo-Romantics. He demonstrates their admiration for the pathos of Picasso's early work and the melancholy of Chirico's colonnades and monuments. Bérard, Tchelitchew, Berman, Tonny, and Léonide are each given several pages of criticism which is far from unmixed eulogy. Mr. Soby sees clearly the flimsiness of some of their paintings and their frequent sentimentality, spiritual lassitude, and dejection. An excess of bone and sinew is not, after all, to be expected in a movement generated by "nostalgia."

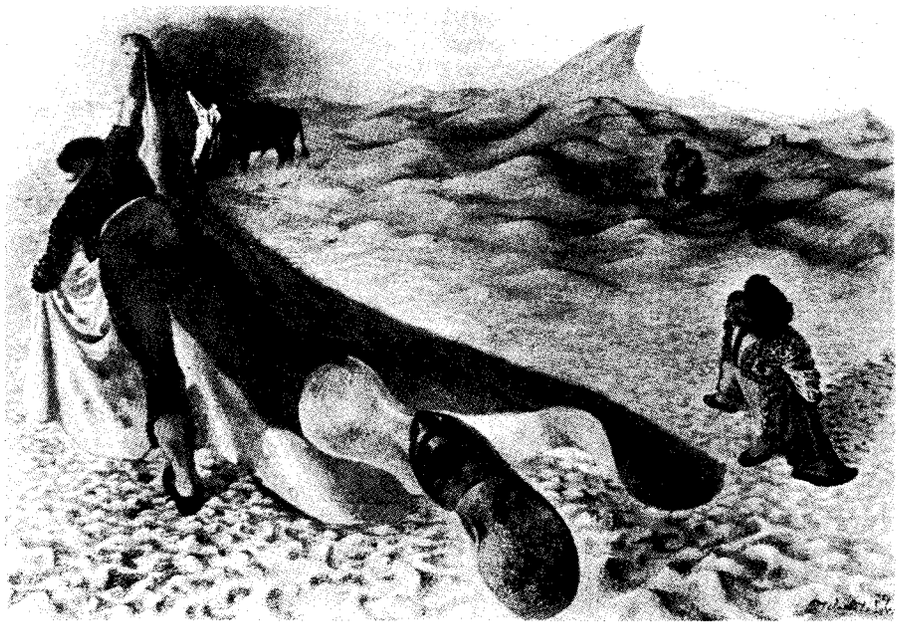
The Surrealist painters are introduced by a long and apposite chapter on the literary aspects of the movement's pursuit of the marvellous and anti-rational. Then follow analyses of the principal Surrealist artists, the painters Ernst, Masson, Miro, Pierre Roy, Tanguy, Picasso, and Dali, the sculptor Giacometti, and the photographer Man Ray. Of them Dali is the most conspicuous and the most popular. He lavishes upon his little pictures of "paranoiac obsessions," psychoanalytic jokes, and Freudian atrocities a technique as beautifully precise as that with which fifteenth century Flemings painted angels and holy (though sometimes Surrealist) miracles.

It is noteworthy how few of the Neo-Romantics and Surrealists are French. Paris maintains its precarious position as the center of the art world through her tradition of tolerant hospitality rather than through the leadership of French artists, at least so far the younger generation is concerned.

Mr. Soby's method is more scholarly than that of the usual writer on modern art; facts form a sound scaffolding for the brief examination of philosophical, moral, psychological, social as well as artistic values. The illustrations are admirably, sometimes brilliantly, selected and they are almost all referred to in the text.

In drawing conclusions Mr. Soby avoids general comparisons with other post-War movements though with the courage of enthusiasm he believes Dali, Berman, and Bérard to be the finest young contemporary artists. Many critics and collectors will contest these valuations, but all should be grateful to Mr. Soby for a lucid, interesting, and much needed book.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr., is head of the Museum of Modern Art, New York City.



THE BULL FIGHT, By TCHELITCHEW

This painting and the German photograph above reproduced from "After Picasso"

Two Miles High

LIVING HIGH: At Home in the Far Andes. By Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1935. $3.

MRS. OVERBECK'S chronicle constitutes a study in adaptability. She and her family lived and kept house in the Bolivian Andes at an elevation of some 12,000 feet, and in the face of many inconveniences and a thorough isolation from her own kind she preserved not only her balance but an incorrigible sense of humor. Their home was a tent-house, fortunately with adequate bathroom facilities, and their neighbors, with few exceptions, were natives. The book is largely a record of the ordinary folk with whom this family came in contact and of the inconsequential events that took place; and because it is forthright and understanding and spicily set down, it is all vastly entertaining. Dozens of real people move through its pages, including Bolivians of varying stations, English and American visitors, and a rather tragic group of professional ladies. The descriptions are always graphic, frequently amusing, and occasionally they carry a poignant note. Mrs. Overbeck has achieved the result of making the reader wish he had been one of the family.

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Polishing the Brass Check

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS. By George Seldes. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER L. CROSBY

NEWSPAPER readers who like to believe that the Associated Press is unbiased, who accept the *New York Times* as infallible, and who doubt that the American press generally is corrupted by advertising and business should avoid Mr. Seldes's book—or brace themselves for a rough ride.

The author, after working as a newspaperman for a quarter-century, has turned back to investigate a shameful history of felonies and misdemeanors committed against newspaper readers. He admits that in his salad days he was an accessory. Bringing his evidence well up into the year 1935 he has put together the most substantial and startling appraisal of the modern newspaper ever published. It is better than Sinclair's "The Brass Check" because the writer knows his subject from the inside.

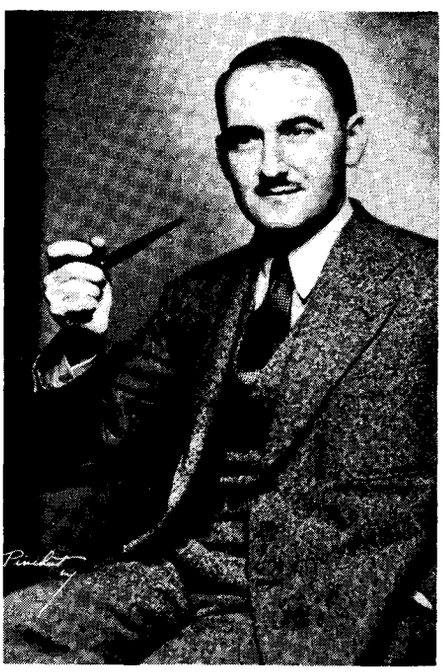
Mr. Seldes has a broad background, which explains why the book is crowded—perhaps overcrowded—with documentation. He began his newspaper career in Pittsburgh, went to France as war correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune,* and remained abroad to write the news from Moscow and Rome until he was asked to leave both capitals. His book shows that he has been collecting material from the day he began as a cub, but the volume is not a personal history.

The press is guilty, Mr. Seldes believes, of consistent and venal betrayal of its readers. He points to the stubborn optimism of the newspapers as the depression neared and finally arrived. He does not permit the publishers and editors to excuse themselves by pleading ignorance of economic law. "The press," he argues, "which spends millions of dollars on a Snyder-Gray or a Hauptmann case, could have hired for a few hundred dollars the best unbiased economic brains in America; it could have investigated unemployment instead of publishing the figures of interested parties; it could have investigated the reports of living conditions, of discontent among farmers, of the unrest of labor." None of these things was done, he concludes, because "Big Business is the great Sacred Golden Bull of the entire press."

Domination of the newspapers by business interests is the theme of the book. Mr. Seldes cites large sums spent by railroads, bankers, packers, and utility companies to buy editorial opinion. He tells what newspapers sold out, and to whom. He shows how news is suppressed and how propaganda poisons the reader's opinions. He names the newspapers owned by the Montana copper companies and, by contrast, pictures the *Butte Daily Bulletin,* a free paper published for many years "in an editorial room in which stood six loaded Winchester rifles and where revolvers lay alongside the typewriters of the reporters." A businessman's boycott killed the paper in 1930. Mr. Seldes believes that if every paper equalled the *Bulletin's* independence the country could escape war and depression.

Two of the strongest chapters are devoted to the *New York Times* and the Associated Press. Recalling the blunders of the *Times* correspondence on Russia during the counter-revolution (which resulted in Walter Duranty's assignment to Moscow), Mr. Seldes asserts that the paper is equally culpable today for employing a fascist as its Rome correspondent. He rounds up the scattered assaults on the integrity of the Associated Press, particularly on the count of anti-labor bias, and concludes:

> The Associated Press, in short, seems always on the side of authority; it appears to make no difference to this great organization whether authority is a great president or a crooked secretary of the interior, a bloodthirsty dictator or a mild constitutional ruler, a city policeman or a steel company's hired thug. If the Associated Press had reported the Boston Tea Party it would probably have been an indignant story of Reds defying authority and destroying private property.



GEORGE SELDES

Even less kind are his discussions of the strikebreaking agency maintained by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, and of the same association's fight against the child labor amendment. An excellent account of the admitted responsibility of the San Francisco publishers for crushing the general strike is given.

The cry of "Muckraker!" may be one answer to "Freedom of the Press." Arithmetically it would be justified. Mr. Seldes has devoted eighteen chapters to the sins of the press and only one to the shining exceptions. Such a gifted writer as Walter B. Pitkin could easily reverse the ratio and prove that the reader's best friend is his newspaper. But it would be hard to deny that publishers have invited attack by claiming special privilege, and that one privilege has been to perfume with piety whatever muck exists. If the canons of the American Society of Newspaper Editors were universally observed, Mr. Seldes suggests, there would be no need for his book. The canons are reprinted and the reader is invited to judge for himself.

For good deeds, the book singles out the *New York Post,* the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* the *Raleigh News and Observer,* the *Baltimore Sun,* the Scripps-Howard papers, and others. How to elevate the entire press to rigid standards of public service is a problem that Mr. Seldes does not pretend to solve. He shows warm enthusiasm for the two-year-old American Newspaper Guild, however, and seems to feel that if the publishers would "let real newspapermen run the newspapers," most evils would be cured. The real newspapermen would consider that just dandy; it is no exaggeration to say that thousands of them have grown gray with frustration. But the publishers aver that their chief quarrel with the Newspaper Guild stems from a conviction that the Guild aims to do just what Mr. Seldes suggests.

Whatever the solution, its arrival could be hastened if every one of the 36,709,010 newspaper buyers in this country read and pondered "Freedom of the Press." There are a few tedious spots toward the end where the text is overloaded with names, and the author sometimes travels from one episode to another with more speed than cohesion. But Mr. Seldes knows how to tell a story and he has presented one that is too important to be missed. No matter how vigorously some readers may dissent from his conclusions, there is no loophole for the charge of malice or triviality. He has worked carefully and dispassionately to prove that there is no free press. The accusation cannot be ignored.

Alexander L. Crosby has been working for several months, in collaboration with Heywood Broun, on a book "appraising the integrity and motivation of American newspapers and press associations." Mr. Broun is president of the Newspaper Guild (see page 12).

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

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Don't Believe All You Read

ONE of the most vexing questions in literary criticism is this:—When definitely new character types appear in novels, plays, and poems, what is their source,—society, or some change in the spiritual metabolism of the authors? Since we began to use the word "society" with full consciousness that man is a creature of his environment it has been usual to suppose that books are mirrors of the society in which their authors live. Distinguished voices, especially in England, have been raised recently on the other side. They have reason.

For it is notorious that books have again and again created new types of character and personality. One can cite "Euphues," "Pelham," "Childe Harold," "Dorian Gray," "Marius the Epicurean," at random from English literature. This is not to say that, unlike the somewhat different case of "Babbitt," they have no patterns of life behind them. Sometimes, as surely with Bulwer Lytton, Byron, Oscar Wilde, Pater, the pattern was existent in the personality of the author. Always, one might say, it was potential in the mood of the times. Influences from the genius of the author and the nature of society were reciprocal, yet there was no true balance. A Byron or a Goethe created figures of life which were neither truly autobiographical nor biographical, yet which reproduced themselves by thousands in later books and (much more significantly) in the temperaments, manners, philosophy, and actions of men of the next decade.

Hence it is necessary to read with caution new books, new plays, new narratives, if they are read to find out what society is actually like in our times. That is not their necessary function. They may, and frequently do, represent the exact opposite, a revolt against life as it is, an imaginative forecast of character as it may be, as it ought to be to suit the prejudices of the writer; and if this revolt has the creative quality of high art, then this forecast may be justified in the future. The new types thus prophesied do appear, either because the writer prophesied truly thanks to his subtle inhibitions, or because his men and women have power to bend the imaginations of readers toward their own likeness.

An interesting case in point is to be found in a new character to be met with in dozens of recent American novels by young people, especially young women. The books are not important, indeed they are usually first and not very significant novels, but they are interesting as coming from a new generation. This new character type, however, supplies an interesting illustration for this discussion. He (it is usually a he) is a university instructor, but so different from the academic personalities of earlier books as to represent a new genus. He is a rebel, which is not surprising, he is invariably frustrated, which may signify only the novelist's views of academic life, but also he is invariably a sensualist, a hard drinker, a cynic, and usually a fool, both in his relations with women and with his superiors. Security, that household shrine of the college professor as we knew him before, he violates daily; indeed no university president could listen ten minutes to the talk, or watch for an hour the actions of these dons new style, without an irresistible desire to fire them all and as soon as possible.

And yet these men are not radicals in any dangerous sense. They are too cynical for radicalism. They are not anything that can be given a positive name and an adjective, for their earmark is anti-enthusiasm, anti-confidence, anti-loyalty. Without exception they are clever, far cleverer than the professor of the older books, far wittier, perhaps because less inhibited, surprisingly knowledgeable in history, literature, and sociology old and new, quite removed from the rut of specialism which made their predecessors such unlikely candidates for a book about life in the round, and bad judges of everything human outside their own set of note sheets. Yet it is very hard to say what they are good for. Not criticism, since they take nothing seriously enough to carry criticism to the roots. Not teaching, since you cannot teach anarchy which seems to be their philosophy, and what they do teach they do not believe in. Not scholarship, since they are too lazy and usually too debauched to be able to dig. And this is the new fictional type of American academic—a class that, in the past, if neglected in fiction has always been one of the most influential, most admirable, if most limited in our social history.

Now what does it mean, this rash of disloyal, dissatisfied, rather useless young men who suddenly in American writing (it is not necessary to specify titles) are trotted out to represent the upper house of Alma Mater? Is this the result of the "writing groups" so widespread now in American universities, where young men and women, particularly women, do "professional" writing for a term or two, and then head for New York to launch their first full-rigged ship upon the troubled ocean where the winds of reviewing blow? Have they created an academic type because university life is all they know, and even that only as amateurs trying to put "teacher" in a novel? Or is this type a true one? Has the disappearance into the welter of the great universities of the old small college, with its conventions, its securities, and its loyalties, left the young academic between wind and water—no longer confident of the monastic sacredness of his profession, no longer afraid of secular life, and so skeptical of both worlds, and a cynic in both? Is it perhaps cynical on our part to say that this may not be the real truth at all, which may lie in the perplexing nature of literature itself? It may not be the academic profession that these writers are describing, but themselves. It may be only youth's confusion in a time of changing standards revenging itself upon its educational masters by describing the kind of person they think a man must be who endeavors to teach eternal truth or scientific induction when both, as is well known, have failed to work. If so, this new pattern of academic character in the twentieth century, like other patterns (especially the sexual ones), is actually nothing but steam blown off, pressure relieved, hates and fears put into words. It may have no valid origin in actual life. Only a great writer can put into a book his times as they are; only a great artist can impose his imagination upon the future. With lesser authors the evidence is confusing. Don't believe all you read unless you read as much between the lines as in them.

Ten Years Ago

Wilbur Daniel Steele, reviewing "Sea Horses" by Francis Brett Young in The Saturday Review in 1925, wrote: *"We might say of Mr. Young's novel that it is good Conrad, in much the sense of the Scotchman's word that there's 'nae sic a thing as bad whiskey.' . . . The voice is still the voice of 'Lord Jim' (at a distance), the hands are the hands of Hollywood. . . ."*

Today

The comparison with Conrad was frequently made of Francis Brett Young's earlier novels. His later work, however, has been of a different character. Gladys Graham reviews "White Ladies" by Mr. Young on page 5 of this issue, and comments upon the similarity of all his recent novels. She adds: *"No one creates with more ease or greater reality than Mr. Young the English scene and the English family. . . . He meets . . . Bennett and Galsworthy on their own ground . . . without suffering through comparison."*

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Letters to the Editor: *An Unpublished Letter of Thomas Carlyle*

Thomas Carlyle Receives a Friend

SIR:—In the autumn of 1847 Thomas Carlyle and Ralph Waldo Emerson saw each other again, fourteen years after the encounter at Craigenputtock which initiated their friendship—a first meeting of so short duration that each man could accomplish little more than guess at the nature of his new acquaintance. At this second meeting—there were to be only three in the history of the friendship—Carlyle was groping for a fresh appraisal of his correspondent from America. Perhaps the years at the close of the first half of the century were those of Carlyle's greatest, most pugnacious, loquacity. The "Latter Day Pamphlets" in which he was about to lash out at what he considered to be a decadent, feckless age were already pouring in vehement monologues from him whenever a caller at Cheyne Row attempted a two-sided conversation. And Emerson was hardly an energetic talker.

The following letter, heretofore unpublished, is in the National Library, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Chelsea, 26 Octr, 1847—

"Dear Sister Jean,—You must think me an abundantly careless and unthankful man, in that I have never yet sent you the scrape of a pen since my parting with you, this day four weeks I think! The reason is not want of *remembrance;* but many other reasons, of which we will put off no time with speaking at present. For one thing, I have been very *busy* for the last week, and today still am; nay further, *Emerson* the American Friend came upon us last night, and is now *here,*—nothing but talkee talkee;—for the rest, a very fine fellow, whom it is pleasant to talk with. He stays 'till next week,' I dimly apprehend; then goes to Lancashire &c to *lecture* to all manner of Mechanics Institutes and the like. He is at this moment rummaging among my Books in this room, beside me; waiting till I have done writing to you!—

"On Sunday or Yesterday you would get, instead of *Douglas Jerrold* who had grown to be quite detestable to me, the *Weekly Times* sent off direct by the Saturday's Post; in this, with much rubbish, I have occasionally found some preferable to anything one can get in *Jerrold;* this, unless James protest against it, shall be sent weekly in future; will arrive on *Sunday.* So much for that.

"The Honeycomb,—alas, I must not forget to tell the fortunes of the honeycomb! Know then that the tin box with *my* improvement on it did not answer; that James' plan of *soldering* the Box is, and in all future cases shall be, the only effectual plan. There is a *shake* in these railways and express-trains, which jumbles everything to pieces. So I infer, *no* means could have saved the honeycomb from being *broken* quite small, and all jumbled into a crowdy (if that had been any damage, as it is almost none); but by James's plan we might certainly have kept it all *within the Box,*—and as matters went, she *leaked,* my lassie; leaked about a matter of two pounds, we guessed, —but luckily only into some *shirts* and such like, mostly *dirty* ones too! All is right *now;* a couple of pounds of honey was what we lost, and the rest (wax and all, making an original but quite excellent mixture) is safe bottled into small gallipots; and we are eating the article,—and truly it goes like *leck,* for *better honey* we never tasted in our lives! You may tell that to Mrs. Dick, and to yourself, and take Jane's thanks for your kind trouble, which you see is not *lost,* after all. Adieu, dear Sister: the Paper is done, and E.'s patience too. Ever Yours

"T. C."

"SEE WHAT YOU GET FOR WRITING TRASH—BRIDGET'S GOT HOLD OF YOUR GALLEY PROOFS, AND NOW NO DINNER!"

Carlyle's devotion to his own kin was an outstanding quality, and he loved to send from London such newspapers and journals as he felt might interest the members of his family who lived in Scotland. He did not hesitate to exercise his own prejudices in his choice, and *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper* was at this time under his disfavor. Thus Jean and her stolid, practical husband, James Aiken, had their intellectual welfare looked to by their brother in London while he, in turn, received from them gifts for the use of the Cheyne Row household.

TOWNSEND SCUDDER, III.

"Fanny's First Play"

SIR:—Ever since reading Elmer Davis's remark about "Fanny's First Play," ("Twenty-three years ago it seemed to me the funniest play I had ever seen.") I've been intending to pass on a one-word comment that G.B.S. made to me about it. I'd been invited to Adelphi Terrace to hear about Shaw's work as a music critic and finally the talk, the monologue I mean, got to the plays. This was in 1912,(?) as I remember, and three plays were running simultaneously. I asked Shaw if he expected to fill all the houses, one by one, and he said that he could not gratify the managers in that manner. It was his policy, he explained, to take a play off the boards when it had reached its full bloom rather than to let it wilt away. This policy, he observed, exasperated the managers to such an extent that he had promised to let "Fanny's First Play" run till it died. Whereupon I asked how long he thought Fanny would run. "Forever," Shaw said.

T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH.

Halifax, Canada.

Yeatsiana

SIR:—The many American admirers of William Butler Yeats in America might be interested to know that several items pertaining to the poet may be obtained by mail from Dublin. On June 13, *The Irish Times* printed a full page of articles by Francis Hackett, biographer; F. R. Higgins, poet; Denis Johnston, dramatist; Aodh de Blacam, scholar; and Andrew E. Malone, critic, in commemoration of the seventieth birthday of Dr. Yeats. These very interesting tributes have since been reprinted in a booklet for sale at three pence.

The June 28 issue of the same paper contains a full account of the dinner which Irish members of the P. E. N. Club gave in honor of Dr. Yeats.

A striking photograph of Dr. Yeats seated in his study may also be purchased from *The Irish Times,* Dublin, Irish Free State, at two shillings sixpence the copy.

KIMBALL FLACCUS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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The Passing of the Flatfoot

SCIENCE VERSUS CRIME. By Henry Morton Robinson. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1935. $2.50.

ROOTS OF CRIME. By Dr. Franz Alexander and Dr. William Healy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by AUSTIN H. MACCORMICK

BOTH of these books could well have been published under the same title, "Science versus Crime," but for the fact that Alexander and Healy are probably too modest to class their methodology as exact science, and the scientific criminologists whose work is described in Robinson's book would perhaps not admit psycho-analysis to the companionship of the microscope, the camera, and the test-tube. Widely different as they are, however, the two books deal with attacks on crime that involve the same basic technique: the microscopic examination, the photographic recording, and the chemical analysis of crime. In one case it is done with exact physical instruments, in the other with a less exact but more penetrating instrument, the human mind.

There is no question as to which of the two books should be commended first to the layman, even though both have interest and value for those who deal professionally with the problem of crime. Robinson gives us a fascinating combination of *True Detective Mysteries* and the *Scientific American*. His thrillers thrill; his science is genuine. It is obvious that he has spent many hours with the men whose work he describes, has studied their methods, has watched them pore over their blood-stained specimens, death bullets, and test-tubes revealing the presence of deadly poisons.

In his pages we meet the authentic Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in modern laboratories such as Baker Street never saw. Dr. Hudson brings out 500 finger-prints on the Lindbergh kidnapping ladder (after the State Troopers have raised three or four by the usual method) by a silver-nitrate process that he thought he had invented but later found to have been used for twenty years in France. Charles E. Waite, before his death in 1926, is able to tell a baffled up-state police chief that his current murder victim was killed by a bullet fired from a weapon "made by one Nicholas Pieper of Liège, Belgium, in 1895." The correct suspect is thereupon arrested and convicted. Calvin Goddard, who established forensic ballistics in America and gave the science courtroom respectability, looks at a bullet with his comparison microscope and says whether or not it was fired by Sacco's gun. Carvalho, one of the leading experts on "crime in ink," proves that gum drops stuffed with rat-poison were not mailed to the complainant by his estranged wife, but by the husband to himself to make a case against her. Albert S. Osborn, at eighty the greatest living handwriting expert, tells us with scientific exactitude that a letter was written with a certain pen, with a certain make of ink, and by a certain person. The Division of Identification in the United States Department of Justice solves a baffling Colorado murder and bank robbery by a single finger-print on the "murder sedan."

And so on. But the sad fact is that the work of all those mentioned and their kind is utilized in only a small percentage of cases. Thousands of murders and other crimes that leave scientific clues are committed yearly, yet only a small number of clues is brought under the microscope. Many police officials in the smaller communities do not know even the rudiments of finger-print classification.

The second sad fact is that American police officials in general are inclined to scoff at the scientific method of detection, although it is routine police procedure in Europe. Our courts are slow to accept new techniques; expert testimony that is now accepted daily was barred for decades as inadmissable evidence. Most crimes in the United States, if solved at all, are solved by chance, or through information received from stool-pigeons, or by confession, often forced by third-degree methods. Mr. Robinson's final, and very fine, chapter discusses these weaknesses and others in our fumbling attack on crime.

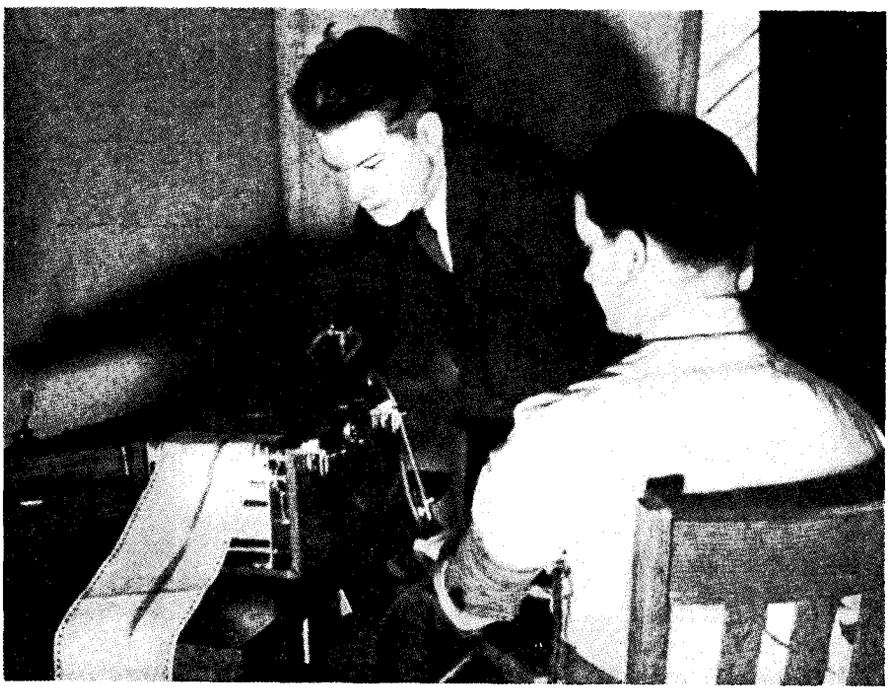
The eminence of Dr. Alexander and Dr. Healy in the psychiatric field is so unquestioned that whatever either of them writes is important. When they explore "Roots of Crime" together by the psycho-analytical method it is doubly important. It is the opinion of this reviewer that the psycho-analyst would catch more criminals than the microscope or the camera, if he could work as fast as those nimble and faithful instruments.

But he cannot. Where would you find the 750 analysts necessary to diagnose and treat the 6,000 inmates of San Quentin Prison, for example, at the rate of one inmate per hour for an eight-hour day? There are not so many thoroughly competent analysts in the world. Psycho-analysts are stymied at the start by the slowness of their process, a slowness essential to its success. But their compensation lies in the "spread" of their findings: what they learn about one case throws light on thousands of others.

There is more of value to be learned about crime in its root clues than in the clues that its commission leaves behind. Psycho-analytical interpretation of the cases of Richard Vorland, Sigrid Amenson, Elmer Tome, and the others with whom Alexander and Healy deal furnishes clues to tens of thousands of crimes as yet not committed, crimes that need never be committed if the processes of diagnosis and therapy could be made more certain and more swift.

"Roots of Crime" is also commended to the layman as well as the professional. It is not merely a cynical statement to say that not a score of police or prison officials in America will read it or could do so understandingly. There are many laymen who can and will and, fortunately, it is lay opinion that eventually, if slowly, shapes our policies of crime control.

Austin H. MacCormick is Commissioner of Correction of New York City.



DR. L. E. KEELER DEMONSTRATING THE "LIE-DETECTOR"
From "Science Versus Crime."

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Literary Carpetbagging

SOUTH. By Frederick Wight. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WHEN Frederick Wight wrote the one word "South" over his novel, he meant it. If he has left anything out of this southern novel, surely it must have been by oversight, for from near-incest to near-lynching, from decadent aristocrat to undernourished lint-dodger, from native Negro to rich wintering Yankee, from strike to flood, he shows the clearest intention of putting into his book every lurid aspect of life below the Potomac. As sometimes happens, however, the sum does not add up to the whole. No sound picture of the South emerges but only the attenuated story of young and beautiful Katherine Winslow, who came with her painter husband into the South, where she swiftly slept with one handsome but worthless Southern aristocrat and hungrily contemplated sleeping with another before she and her husband left to ride again back into the comparative safety of the land that lies at the north end of the road.

One of Frederick Wight's paintings, from "South."

"South" is a novel written in invasion. Its story is that of movement into new, strange land and of escape from it. And perhaps, as is often the case with invaders, the destructive processes at work in the alien country penetrate more quickly to the invading mind than understanding. There is not the least reason why a northern writer should not make a sound novel about the South, even one who comes to it from New York via Cape Cod as Mr. Wight does. Furthermore Mr. Wight had the opportunity of knowing at least the upper South around Charlottesville as student at the University of Virginia. And certainly he does not disqualify himself by choosing the sensational aspects of the Southern legend. Caldwell and Faulkner, to name but two, have not hesitated to look behind the jessamine bushes. But Mr. Wight's invading couple, and particularly his lady whom he romanticizes with all an author's adoration, comes South with a too quick readiness to be soiled by the South. It may well be that when they escaped they also left escape behind for the southern world, which like all other worlds is diverse and complex and not to be drawn in understanding in the same terms in which the front page of a tabloid pictures the world.

Mr. Wight has attempted too much or too little. Everything he pictures has happened in the South. There are such Southerners and rich mock-Southerners as every one he presents at Lady Holden's dinner party, in Mrs. Larch's mill village house, in Dr. Quain's hot and hard-benched tabernacle of salvation, and on Vance Carlton's drinking parties. But to make the one town of Millington the stage upon which every aspect of southern life and every diversity of southern character appear is to put a severe test upon the credulity of any reader who knows the human geography of the South.

It would be a mistake, however, to suggest that "South" wholly lacks merit. Mr. Wight, as a painter (much like his own portrait painting hero) turned novelist, has decorated his book with five paintings in color of southern types and in his text there are some excellent portraits of typical southern characters. His characterization of old Mrs. Tainey, who could always wheedle fifty cents out of her writer or painter visitors, is accomplished with a veracity, a humor, and an understanding which is unexcelled in the growing American literature of the poor white. Some of his other minor characters are also deftly and accurately drawn. If Mr. Wight had succeeded half so well in the broad aspects of his story and in the characters of importance in his book as he has with his supernumeraries and his visual details of description, he would have written an excellent book. His trouble seems to be that, painter turned novelist, he remains only a painter with a splendid seeing eye for surfaces. Here the strength of the painter is the weakness of the novelist, for Mr. Wight is so preoccupied with a dramatic succession of scenes and surfaces that he fails to find the essence of truth which might be found in any of them but which does not emerge from them all.

Sailors Under the Czar

ROMANOFF. By Leonid Soboleff. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by NICHOLAS WREDEN

AMONG the numerous books which have come out of wartime and revolutionary Russia few have attempted to give to the outside world a glimpse of the life in the Russian navy. The field offers interesting possibilities for various reasons: no branch of the Russian service made greater strides forward after the sad lessons of the Russo-Japanese War, no department proved more efficient during the World War, and, finally, nowhere were the revolutionary convulsions more destructive or more terrifying than among the navy crews.

Mr. Soboleff attempts to interpret the entire course of events by placing the action within several weeks immediately preceding the outbreak of the World War. The story is divided into three episodes which are in no way related to one another. The central figure in the first two is Georgi Levitin, a midshipman in the Naval Academy, who goes to visit his brother serving on a battleship, and who returns to Petersburg in time to witness the arrival of Poincaré on his historical visit to Russia. In the third episode the author describes the feverish activity on board the ships of the navy on the very eve of the war, Georgi Levitin is completely forgotten in the excitement, and the action centers around the older brother, Lieutenant Nikolai Levitin.

The book is a peculiar hodge-podge. On one hand it abounds in excellently executed vignettes of navy life. The pages devoted to the ship's routine are drawn with masterful simplicity which will make a navy man of any nationality feel perfectly at home in them. This illusion of reality is further strengthened by Mr. Soboleff's adroit use of specific facts: he mentions the customs and the traditions of the Russian navy, he describes the ships in minute details, on occasion he even uses names of real men. No one reading these passages can fail to realize that the author has done them with feeling and with understanding.

On the other hand, whenever Mr. Soboleff attempts to connect these splendid navy sketches with a thread of thought he is entirely out of his depth. The philosophical interludes in which he indulges, and the moral and political dissertations which he squeezes out of his characters, are actually embarrassing.

Nor is there anywhere any evidence of a plot, though occasionally the narrative lapses into melodrama. For instance, there is the episode in which the representative of the privileged classes in the person of a midshipman attempts to seduce a deadly earnest servant girl, and is repulsed in the best prescribed virtue-versus-villain manner. Somewhat more original is the

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case of the naive sailor who in the midst of the preparations for war absentmindedly writes an obscenity across the double-headed eagle which decorates the stern of the ship, and who boils over with moral indignation when the officers fail to take a playful view of his prank.

Perhaps time will show whether Mr. Soboleff is a person totally devoid of humor and of a sense of proportion, or whether he simply has not found himself in his first attempt. But whatever the future has in store for the author, certainly his present effort cannot be considered seriously as literature or history.

Nicholas Wreden entered the Naval Academy at St. Petersburg at the outbreak of the war. His experiences in the war and the revolution are told in his forthcoming autobiography, "The Unmaking of a Russian." Mr. Wreden is now the assistant manager of the Doubleday, Doran Bookshop in St. Louis.

Settlers in the Territory

BROTHERS THREE. By John M. Oskison. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

HERE is a noteworthy novel of the old Indian Territory (now the eastern half of the State of Oklahoma) by an author whose roots are in that soil, an author who knows his ground and the people of whom he writes. John Oskison was born near Tahlequah, the beautiful old capital city of the Cherokee Nation. His heritage was cultivated by years at Stanford and Harvard, and in New York City, where he began his literary labors. Since those days, now a decade past, he has given himself to the writing of novels. This is one of his best.

It was written in the old Indian Territory country, near Vinita, Oklahoma, a region so unusual and dramatic that few can rival it. The realm of the Five Civilized Tribes in Oklahoma has seldom been made the scene of literary effort, though the materials offer many strange contrasts. It is refreshing to meet with an author who knows and can handle the curious and interesting life there.

The real hero of the story is the Under-Ridge Farm, a farm created by the first settler, Francis Odell, and kept clean, vital, and fresh for the coming generations. His sons are the Three Brothers of the story. One—Roger—is a cattleman born. Another—Tim, is a merchant with no love of the land. The third—Henry—goes to college, writes, and becomes a journalist in New York. Only Tim's wife carries on the passion of her father-in-law for the land, for order and permanence. We have here a novel of the soil, covering the period from 1873 to our own time.

Quite apart from the book's undoubted literary quality, it offers an amusing series of incidents. This is one novel of the soil that really gives the rich, earthy humor of it.

It Seems to Broun

IT SEEMS TO ME. By Heywood Broun. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE are few people for whom I have a more genuine admiration than, as Ruth Hale used to call him simply, "Broun." I know no man more honest according to his lights. No daily journalist is more courageous. Of course there have been all sorts of jests about Broun's physical timidity—on the theory that if an elephant is scared of a mouse it is very funny. But in Broun's case a person might find himself in error if he counted upon it.

I know Broun is not nearly as afraid of the police as I am. They terrify me. He makes friends with them. He makes friends with most people. He is, apparently, a convinced socialist; which, it seems to me, is an excellent thing to be. But that isn't being a radical. To be the McCoy as a radical, it's communism or nothing. Otherwise you just don't move in our set. (I don't mean *my* set. Climb as I may, I can't qualify!)

HEYWOOD BROUN
Caricature by Peggy Bacon, from "Off With Their Heads."

I could pick—and will—one essay from the very middle of this extremely readable, entertaining, and invigorating book, to give you an example of Heywood Broun's virtues and defects. I pick it because it is about three famous poems (apparently), and my vocation is verse. Heywood starts out by saying that the late Joyce Kilmer's "Trees" is to him a most annoying poem. He says when Joyce wrote "Poems are made by fools like me," he didn't believe it for an instant. That's true. I've long thought that, in his perfectly sincere piety (which led him into the Catholic fold) Joyce got thinking quite insincerely at that juncture. He created a sort of pathetic fallacy about trees that the dear public just ate up with a spoon. When the poem first appeared it had some fresh and striking lines, and one didn't examine it too closely—but I have heard it maltreated by many warbling voices of late years, until I would just as lief hear that atrocity, "I know a place where the sun is like gold—" which is all about four-leafed clovers, if I remember correctly. It's very coy, anyway.

So far Broun is sound and good; but then he goes on to remark that he thought Gene Tunney phony when he said, after he had won the heavyweight championship, that the more he saw of people the better he liked trees. I don't see that at all! Presumably Tunney meant it. And by what authority must we have gregariousness thrust upon us? There are times when I feel gregarious and times when I can barely stand the sight of my own face, let alone anybody's else. Heywood gets too sentimental about how fine it must be to be a public hero; how nice it is to be recognized by taxi-cab drivers. There is something rosy-cheeked and ingenuously appealing about this, but it's rather buncombe.

He goes too far, also. What he says about bum sunsets is true enough, and he allows everyone his pet tree, "but a passion for an entire forest seems to me excessive." He misses the whole point about forests. Sometimes one wants just to get lost. Try getting lost around one tree! A drunk managed it with the palings of a park, but, as Kipling says, that's another story. Forests are grand things. I'm scared of them, but I recognize how grand they are. I'm going to force upon Heywood either a stand of pine or a cup of hemlock! He calls an ailanthus a tree! I just jeer. Just because a redwood is one of a gang he becomes a sap about a sapling! Get thou to the Bohemian Grove, for instance, in California, Heywood! If you don't care for the wooded hillside background to their out-of-door theatre there, I can't sell you anything!

But there is a worse fault to this essay. It is titled " 'Trees,' 'If,' and 'Invictus,' "—but about the latter two poems the author merely says that he considers them the other most annoying pieces of verse in the world. As if that were all he need say.

I object. "If" has some darned good advice in it, even if we can't take it. Its pomposity is what has made it *anathema maranatha;* and it *is* pompous, but in the phrases about loving friends doing one damage, and the true things you've said being twisted into traps for fools, there is real sapience. Heywood never really read the poem, I'll bet. He just heard it parodied, and the parody got a big laugh.

And despite the rhodomontade of "Invictus" it has lyrical splendor. Sometimes you like to hear a big brag, if you admire the man who makes it, however mistakenly. And Henley was both lovable and admirable—that struggling and tortured spirit!

Well, there you have the soundness and the unsoundness of one essay of Heywood's. There are a lot that are far sounder, and that say things straight from the shoulder that need badly to be said. This man is a good fighter, a great fellow, and well worth reading.

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New York City

BY HELEN WADDELL

THE presence that so strangely rose beside the waters.
Torcello with its single campanile
Above black thorn and salt lagoon
Multiplied in the mist.
Island of stooping bell-towers, Holy Island,
Not Cuthbert's Lindisfarne,
Set in the grey Northumbrian sea
Where men so valiant and so great lights of the Church
Lie and take their rest.
Not Lindisfarne, and yet a holy island
Prester John might have builded, if he had chosen
To take his kingdom west instead of east.
Byzantium with Christ an emperor.
Byzantium not any more a ghost.

The Berengaria will dock at six.

The mist has gone. So has Byzantium,
Torcello's Babylon
And Nineveh and Boulogne and Bristol and Tyre.
Has curious gods;
Dagon and Ashtaroth and Chewing Gum.
The newspapers come on board. Supreme Court's Decision
On the Sick Chicken: Death of N.R.A.
A brazen bull chewing beside the rail:
And about time.
Now we'll get on with it.
Strike? Let them strike. We have them where we want them.
So they have Moloch here too;
Moloch, Dagon and Ashtaroth Incorporated.
Yet even the Byzantine Christ was a tyrant Christ.

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things
ye are very religious: for as I passed by and
beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this
inscription: To the Unknown God.

Trinity Church in Wall Street, half a dozen men
Praying.
In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them
For hot peanuts and the Folies Bergères
Also hot, from Paris
The Rockefeller office for the Humanities
Harlem gone a little grey with hunger
But drunk with the deity of Father Divine who gives us
the broken body of turkeys and sausage meat
Eighty-five stories in sixty seconds if you open your mouth and swallow
You will not feel time and space go crack in your ears
Mezzanine floor and the top of Radio City
Dine and dance in the sky above New York.
Look down.
But the floor of New York is surely the roofs of Notre Dame,
Crotchet and gargoyle and spire.
The Gothic city of Bashan,
With small hard shiny beetles that creep about in the gutters,
Cadillacs, Lincolns, and Packards, their varnished wings tight furled,
And small legs leap in and out of them. How did these mites in a cheese
Build these great gods to cow them?
But the mites in this cheese are not cowed.
They run up and down inside their gods in small, rectangular boxes.
Their gods are snail shells that house them.
Their gods are hollow.
The Aquitania's due to leave at midnight.

Their gods are not hollow at night.
Fog again on the tide, but the gods grin through it.
Their eyes are gone out, but a row of shining teeth
Grins out of Moloch's belly, where Wall Street is.
They are beasts at night, set back, their paws on their knees,
Couched like the monstrous beasts in the Book of the Revelation.
Yet the beasts that St. John saw worshipped.
And do these worship?
Full of Zeus are the streets of the city:
Full of Zeus are the harbours:
Full of Zeus are all the ways of men.
It is from the poet whom St. Paul quoted on the Areopagus.
But how to translate Zeus?

The tugs have cried and gone, and the water is talking.
Liberty's torch is out, quenched in the mist.
The shapes of the beasts have changed, they are beasts no longer,
But battleships sweeping to action through dark heaven,
Tower upon savage tower
With the smoke
Of Armageddon about them.
Yet Armageddon never was fought at sea.
This will not be fought at sea.
These are not flesh and blood, or steel and iron.
These are principalities and powers,
The rulers of the darkness of this world.
Strike? Let them strike. We have them where we want them.
And the spilt blood cries from water and land.
Yet further up the river Grant lies buried.
Let us have peace.
Let them keep their horses.
They will need them for the spring ploughing.

For the spring ploughing. Can this town remember,
This precipice,
That there are ploughed lands where the broken earth
Lies waiting the west wind?
Thou wast in Eden, the garden of God,
This spirit that now walks in the midst of the stones of fire.
How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, building to heaven,
Straining to reach with thy thrusting steel what once was under thy feet,

Lucifer, once the Light-bringer.
Yet even in darkness
Thou hast builded a house of light,
By the East River
A House for the sick and the dying, that sits like God
With His stark head of truth, and mercy on His great knees.
Lucifer, Prince of Darkness, thou that wast once
Chief of the phalanx and squadron of Prince-Archangels,
Weary of reigning in hell, wilt serve in heaven?
Weary of Moloch and Dagon and Ashtaroth,
Servus Dei servorum, serving the servants of God?
Lucifer, fallen, fallen, but still in the oeconomy of heaven
Lucifer, Son of the Morning.

Helen Waddell is distinguished as a poet, a novelist, and a medievalist. She is the author of "Peter Abelard," "Wandering Scholars," and "Beasts and Saints." Readers of The Saturday Review *will recall Disraeli's recent photograph of Miss Waddell (August 17 issue), taken on the occasion of her visit to this country which gave rise to the foregoing poem.*

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First Gentleman of Europe

GEORGE THE FOURTH. By Roger Fulford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $3.50.

BRIGHTON. By Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

HE was, said the Duke of Wellington, "the most extraordinary compound of talent, wit, buffoonery, obstinacy, and good feeling—in short a medley of the most opposite qualities, with a great preponderance of good—that I ever saw in any character in my life." This is not the usual verdict upon George IV, either from his contemporaries or from the critics of later generations. Both as Regent and as King he was the recipient of more literary scorn than has been the lot of any other English ruler. The historians of the Victorian age found it politically expedient to allow no virtues in their late sovereign; their pages are black with vituperative eloquence. The moralists shared with the historians a strong Whiggish bias, and to them his private life made him peculiarly vulnerable. Even Thackeray lost himself in a storm of pious indignation. His attack is all the more damaging for its lightness and suavity, and its judgments have been too casually accepted now for too long. With all his faults, and not even Mr. Fulford, the most thoughtful of recent apologists, would wish to deny them, George IV was grand enough and kingly enough to serve England, during one of the most glorious periods of her history, as a monarch exceptionally well equipped to preside over the garish, but not unfitting, splendors of the age.

He had talents of a kind possessed by no other member of the Hanoverian family. First among them was his flair for social leadership. Under his guidance society took on an elegance which had never before been seen in England, and which surpassed in stateliness and show even the court of Charles II. Paris itself, long the arbiter of all fashion, became the imitator of English manners. The styles of dress which he inaugurated, extravagant as they were, reflected very appropriately the flamboyance and romanticism of Napoleonic Europe. Then, too, he was a genuine connoisseur of the arts. It has frequently been forgotten that the riches of the royal collections are mainly attributable to the abandon with which he spent his income and to the knowing eye with which he selected his purchases.

His architectural triumphs are less generally accepted, largely, perhaps, because so many of them have either been destroyed like Carlton House, or allowed to deteriorate like the Royal Pavilion. As a builder, however, he showed most notably the originality of his taste. His experiments were so daring and so wilfully extravagant that Victorian smugness found it difficult to stomach them at all, unless it forgot that George was responsible, as it did in the case of the Windsor Castle that we know today, and of Nash's Regent Street that was so unfortunately rebuilt after the last war. Carlton House, the first of his experiments, was comparatively decorous in its innovations. Its sumptuousness, though it sinned against the canons of eighteenth century simplicity, had its roots in the local past and even its most ornate splendors, such as the Gothic Conservatory, seemed properly British. But with the evolution of the Pavilion at Brighton the full gorgeousness of George's imagination was displayed. Here was the stately pleasure dome that Coleridge's fancy could only suggest. It confounded the critics when it was new, but in reality it is a masterpiece of exoticism, superbly exemplifying not only the King's florid yet admirable taste but also the unabashed magnificence of his age.

GEORGE IV

George was at his best as the figure-head of his monarchy, which is probably the most important function of a constitutional sovereign, and it is in his capacity as such that Mr. Fulford endeavors principally to present him in this felicitously opinionated biography. He was a poor statesman, at once weak and stubborn, and both he and England might have been happier if he could have let politics take care of themselves. His domestic life was a tangle of waxing and waning attachments, only one of which carried with it anything more than the most temporary affection. He was the victim of one of the most ludicrous marriages in history. And yet with all his weaknesses—his pomposity, his fickleness, his extravagance, his political incompetence—in spite even of his personal anxieties and troubles, he had a generous and kindly disposition, and was, as Wellington observed, preponderantly good. Mr. Fulford has tried to be dispassionately fair in drawing his character, but his sympathies are with George, whose treatment by historians he would like to correct. He paints no hero, but he does contrive to make us fond of a personality which it would be difficult wholly to admire, and he does it with so much charm and pleasant irony that no irritation lingers as an aftertaste from his book.

Brighton is so indissolubly associated with George's career that a history of the city must, of necessity, be largely concerned with its illustrious popularizer. Mr. Sitwell and Miss Barton produce a characterization of the King which is not dissimilar from Mr. Fulford's. They, too, respect his full-blown graces and artistic perceptions. But their interest is naturally centered upon George only in so far as he contributed to the glories of the resort which they celebrate. They trace its development from a small and unimportant fishing village, through its lowly beginnings as a spa, to the final departure of royalty, when Victoria and Albert determine that the Pavilion provides too little privacy and that its architectural flourishes are not consonant with the dignity of their domestic tranquillity. With their withdrawal, Brighton the Fashionable became the undisputed property of the masses. Easily accessible from London by the new railway, it was a paradise for clerks and greengrocers, and no longer material for vivacious gossiping.

But what a wealth of liveliness and anecdotal wit they have lavished upon their pages! This is a book to amuse all who enjoy the sprightly retelling of stories now classic in their permanence, each newly set and polished to bring to the modern reader the fullest point and brilliance. Here is the gay parade of beauties, eccentrics, wits, and dandies who thronged to Brighton for sixty odd years, whose pranks and whose *mots* constitute a perfect symposium of English wit. Here are Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, old Q and the Barrymores, Mrs. Coutts and the Duke of Norfolk, and many more whom it would be wearisome to name. Their stories bring a new chuckle every time. And the book has another value to all who have ever lived in a fashionable resort. It is not only the history of Brighton but the history of every watering place that has ever been.

Charles D. Abbott is librarian of the University of Buffalo.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Columbian Exposition

THIS has been a very idle day in the Knothole, with rain on the roof and a fire breathing in the chimney. The only achievement I can point to is having bought, for $2.98 at the local hardware store, an electric clock that fascinates me. Perhaps it was a mistake to buy one with a second-hand, which goes round and round with smooth insistence. But there is no malice, nor unrelenting symbolism in it; for the little leaflet says "If started backward, this clock will run backward at exactly the same speed as forward." Some day I shall try it.

"It takes 10,368,000 impulses of the alternating current," the leaflet says, "to advance this clock 24 hours." I often feel rather like that myself. "Where power interruptions are frequent enough to be annoying," it advises me to buy a more complicated kind of clock.

This afternoon, as regards cerebral dynamics, the current was very alternating and power only fitful. But finally, after tinkering with various notions I settled down to enjoy the new Columbia Encyclopedia, a grand book in one solidly made and excellently printed volume of 1950 pages. As much as Dr. Clarke F. Ansley (the editor) and his staff of compilers, the printers too deserve congratulation. It was done by R. R. Donnelley & Sons of Chicago, whose work (through the whole gamut from telephone directories to volumes de luxe) has always been notable.

Dr. Ansley says, in his brief and modest preface, "The traditional rule for preparing a reference work is, Find the right woman and do what she says." He pays courteous tribute to the assistant editor, Elizabeth J. Sherwood, and many others, both women and men, who have helped in this important work during a number of years.

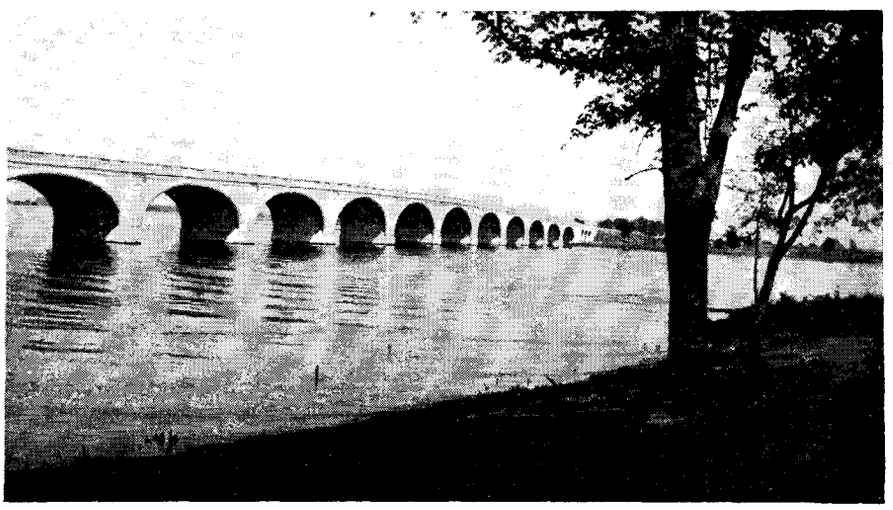
Not simply to plunge at random into such wide and deep waters of information I thought I would amuse myself by taking a recent expedition of my own and corroborate or fortify some of its details by reference to the Encyclopedia. Italics are quotations.

It was Labor Day. (*Inaugurated by the Knights of Labor in 1882 and in 1894 Congress voted it a legal holiday.*) I went to town (*pop. 6,930,466*) in the late afternoon by the Long Island Railroad. (*Long Island, 118 mi. long and 12 to 20 mi. wide . . . . with an area of 1,682 sq. mi., it is the home of 4,103,638 people. . . . its location insures it a fine climate.* At this point I think of looking to see if there is an article on Mortgages, but refrain.) Perhaps owing to the difference between Eastern Standard and Daylight Saving Time (*Farmers have opposed Daylight Saving. Farming is adjusted to a natural rhythm that is not affected by make-believe. Cows do not yield their milk before they have secreted it; hay-making is disastrous if done before the dew is gone.*) I did not catch at Grand Central the train I thought to. In fact there was no train to the Berkshires (*like the Lake Country of England have long been a resort of nature lovers*) until next morning. Meditating what to do I went to Liggett's drug store and found some Thoreau on the 49 cent counter. (*He extolled the right of man to withdraw from civilization and the conventions of society.*) Then to the peaceful old Murray Hill Hotel for a drink. (*Cocktail, a mixed drink having a basis of gin, whisky, rum, or brandy, combined with bitters and flavoring materials . . . . served, with wafers or canapés, before a meal as an appetizer.*)

I can see that it's not possible fully to document my brief holiday by the encyclopedia. To give the complete historic or sociological, even the sentimental or jurisprudent, background of any human adventure would require more space (perhaps even more effrontery) than Pareto. Take the case of Murray Hill. That would set me thinking of Mr. Robert Cortes Holliday, who used that name as pseudonym in many rambling essays while editor of *The Bookman* some years ago. I don't find him in the book; nor do I find Robert Murray who gave the hill its name. It was Mrs. Murray, I think, who delayed the British officers with tea and cakes at her farmhouse on Murray Hill while Washington made his escape from what is now the shopping region of Lord and Taylor's. I do find Lindley Murray, the grammarian. (*He was a Quaker and lived quietly in Islip, Long Island, during the Revolution*) of whom I have somewhere read that it was his farm, "Belle Vue," on the East River, that became the site of Bellevue Hospital. A first edition of his famous *English Grammar* (1818) would be an interesting item for collectors. That sets me off looking up McGuffey; Columbia says his Readers had sales estimated at 122 million copies (*Their influence in shaping the American mind of the mid-19th century can scarcely be exaggerated.*)

I decided that I could reach my destination as quickly by taking train to Albany, spending the night there, and asking some friends to drive me to Copake Falls in the morning. (*Albany, pop. 127,412 . . . . the seat of several academies, a State Teachers College (1844) . . . . the second oldest town in the United States.*) I hope Albany won't ever let anything happen to those lovely little old wooden houses along a wide street on top of the hill, in the general neighborhood of State College. At the State College Co-op bookshop I found another book to beguile the journey. Jules Verne's *Michael Strogoff*. For some unknown reason Albany is always a rich pocket for the hunter of Jules Vernes. There is also a tempting little back room of secundiana at the Mistletoe Bookshop on Lark Street (*The American Indians chewed mistletoe to relieve toothache*) which I did not have time to examine properly. At the Mistletoe Bookshop I found a pamphlet reprint of a little known poem by Robert Frost, *The Gold Hesperidee*, which I think has not been included in his books. 200 copies were printed by the Bibliophile Press, Cortland, N. Y. (*pop. 15,043, S. of Syracuse, on the Tioughnioga river in a dairying region famous for its Holstein cattle.*)

My bookseller friends were kind enough to lay aside work and drive me down to my destination. They pointed out the



VACHEL LINDSAY MEMORIAL BRIDGE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

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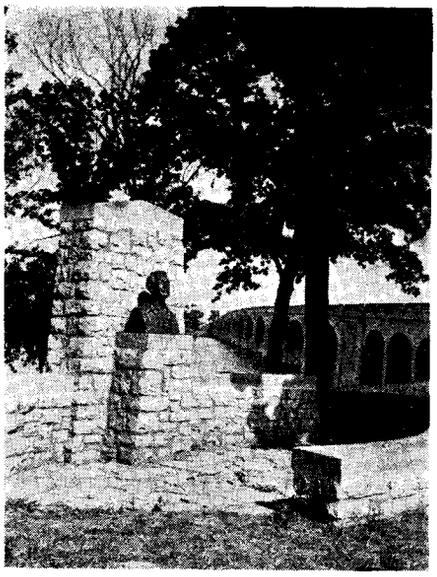
Governor's Mansion (*Lehman, Herbert Henry, b. New York City 1878, grad. Williams College, 1899*). We passed through Rensselaer (*railroad shops, and manufactures of felt, dyes, leather, oilcloth, and shirts . . . . at Fort Cralo, near by, Yankee Doodle was written by Dr. Shackburg, a surgeon in the British army.*) Presently we passed a lovely village from which has come better poetry than Yankee Doodle—Austerlitz, the home of Miss Millay (*The curious blending of Elizabethan words and rhythm with modern words and ideas gives her work a charming originality.*)—This is rather an odd comment: I don't offhand remember any special Elizabethan tinge in Miss Millay's prosody; I must think it over.

Here, I'm sorry to say, I got completely sidetracked. Looking up the entry about Millay started me into a search for other writers, or special topics interesting to myself. As one of their Honorary Night Watchmen the Columbia University Press won't take amiss my offering a few modest suggestions; which are made not at all in a spirit of reproach. In the first issue of any work that tries to box the whole compass of current information there are bound to be accidental omissions. Even in the small field where I can pretend familiarity I found very few. My great pleasure in finding an excellent note on Logan Pearsall Smith was offset by seeing no entry for the late C. E. Montague (of the Manchester *Guardian.*) Among American writers I must really insist on the inclusion of T. A. Daly and Columbia's own Simeon Strunsky. The entry on Joseph Conrad is in error in implying that *The Rover* and *Suspense* are two titles for the same book. They are two different stories; *The Rover* was published complete; *Suspense* was left unfinished at Conrad's death.—The note on Peru comes too close to implying that Sanchez Cerro is still President. The President since 1933 has been General Oscar Benavides. Incidentally, the cathedral in Lima is not "gray stone" but adobe of a tawny yellow which shines beautifully burnt-orange in a clear sunset; Limeños refer to it affectionately as "the biggest mud building in the world."

You can guess from this sudden and merely prefatory bushwhacking into a great book how good a companion it makes. The test of an encyclopedia is not casual picnic but long and useful resort. That test I think the Columbia is going to fulfil. I foresee a lot of fun to be had in examining its phonetic decisions. Valuable clues to national idiosyncrasies may perhaps be had—I observe that it says Newark, England, is pronounced Nū′ŭrk but Newark, New Jersey, is Nōō′ärk″. And apparently Newark, Delaware, is different from both the others.

Speaking of towns, the Night Watchman pleads that Roslyn, L. I. be listed in the next edition. It more than fulfills the requirement of 1000 population, and deserves mention as the former home of



LINDSAY MEMORIAL, SPRINGFIELD

William Cullen Bryant.—I suddenly realize that the Encyclopedia won't be published until next month, but a Watchman may perhaps be forgiven for sitting up at night to read it beforehand.

Bowling Green, Missouri

SIR:—A short time ago, while driving to the Ozarks by a circuitous route, we came to Bowling Green, Missouri, the county seat of Pike County, famous, said Mark Twain, for its poker players. There, if I remember correctly, Mark Twain said children cut their teeth on poker chips. Just outside of Bowling Green, at the intersection of two main highways, we saw ahead of us, high and clear, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, waving gallantly in the breeze. It developed that it marked a gas, oil and food station. The proprietor uses for his restaurant a small frame house which he has moved out from town and which was the home of a Confederate officer, who was a local hero. It is well decorated with Civil War prints and several pieces of antique furniture. And the food is excellent. I send this information to you with the thought that you might be interested in other Bowling Greens. Or would one say Bowlings Green?

CLIFFORD BLUNK.

Springfield, Illinois.

And I want to thank another correspondent from Springfield, Illinois (Mr. George Kettering) for sending me snapshots of the Vachel Lindsay Memorial and the Lindsay Bridge at Lake Springfield. They give us a gratifying glimpse of honor done to the memory of a remarkable man.

Bill Van Antwerp writes from the Scott Bar Mine, Siskiyon County, Calif.: "We put the S.R.L on the mess table & when them obstreperous cow-men come over from the Bar-X ranch & see it laying there they get quiet & gentlemanly."

One Per Cent of Human History

(*Continued from page 4*)

ences may be precisely what Dr. Barnes has given us in his history of our civilization, namely "a straightforward account" of the origin, metamorphoses, accumulations, and losses of human knowledge, of the increasing ingenuity in meeting man's needs, and of experiments in social organization. A great deal that has until recently passed as history was pretty futile and hardly worth recalling, but a closer and closer examination of man's ways and resources in the past which form the antecedents of his present habits and problems would seem a necessary preliminary in the formulation of all intelligent schemes of betterment.

The implications of our animal nature and extraction are as yet by no means thoroughly assimilated although some of them are excellently presented in the present work. Mankind is one of about six hundred species of primates recognized by zoölogists. His animal nature he inherits from his ancestors in a fashion which has been the subject of careful and fruitful study during the past thirty or forty years. Civilization is however something superadded to our original outfit and is made up of what are technically called acquired characters. Whether under any circumstances any of these characters can be transmitted hereditarily is a question that has been hotly discussed, and is by no means so simple as might appear at first sight. It is probably safest to assume that we as yet have no evidence that the various forms of knowledge, skills, and arts are handed down as are our animal form and functioning. They constitute what Graham Wallas well named our "Social Heritage," which comes to us much more as houses and lands, stocks and bonds, spoons, pictures, and sofas are transmitted, than hands and feet, stomachs, and hearts.

Mankind is the only species of hundreds of thousands of kinds of creatures—the outcome of Nature's prolonged and tireless experimentation — which has shown itself capable of building up through mayhap a million of years, very gradually at first, a social heritage. This is now so bewildering as far to outrun the comprehension of the most learned. If this be true, we have to conceive of man's mind as a part of his social heritage rather than as his distinguishing innate trait as formerly assumed. Nowadays "mind" in the sense of an entity or agent which thinks, reasons, discriminates, judges, is viewed as mythical by many psychologists and its place is taken by the complex of observable activities called mental and psychological. And if we think back to what we seem forced in the light of present knowledge to accept as man's origin, we have no reason to suppose that when living a purely animal life he gave any evidence of a "mind,"

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over and above what is known as "animal intelligence." So mankind appears to have made what we call mind as it went along.

There is a good deal of loose talk to be heard in regard to changing man's nature; is it possible or is it not? The distinction between his two natures here emphasized will serve to tighten up and straighten out such discussions. One can form the habit of making the distinction in his own speculations and in his criticisms and suggestions of improvement. Our animal nature appears to persevere with a constancy that defies conspicuous modification. At least it is not a rash, although a startling, guess that could a generation of men be brought to maturity as free of civilization, that is, of a social heritage, as chimpanzees, they would have no more "mind," than the apes and God knows how long they and their descendents might be about reinventing the artificial production of fire, stone chipping, pottery, baskets, primitive spinning and weaving, and the domestication of animals, planting, and reaping. Would they start over again with any advantages above those who began long ago the accumulation of the social heritage now presented to us gratis—our minds, knowledge, and the inventions of which we avail ourselves so innocently and thanklessly every day? I surmise that it is precisely the study of the history of civilization, to wit the Social Heritage, that raises this fundamental question and which would furnish those who deal with any of the various phases of social phenomena with a still neglected set of vital considerations in their analysis of human institutions.

The efforts of eugenists are directed toward an improvement in our animal heritage and the prospects of success are still problematic. Man's social heritage on the other hand has undergone historically the most stupendous changes and these have never been so numerous and astounding as during the lifetime of the older of our present generation. But have our moral guides, religious leaders, and reformers had very much to do with the recent vast expansion of knowledge and ingenuity? Do they seem to have forwarded it or retarded it? It is very hard to say, for instance, how far the prohibitionists have approached or receded from their goal after the surprising start with which they were favored owing to peculiar circumstances. It is customary to assume that every evil has its cure, every social problem its solution. This is however a careless, childlike view of the intricacy of human affairs. What is evil for one individual or class in some respect may be an advantage in another way or at another time to the same individual or class or to another individual or class. And who is to decide what is an evil? Surely not the more rigorous of the traditional moralists, who have dared to tamper so rudely and recklessly with our venerable animal heritage which has a way of pushing aside a certain kind of idealism.

I am aware this seems to be a rather loose protest, but it is a line of thought forced upon one as he turns Dr. Barnes's pages. The latter part of his work gives many instances of cruel maladjustments, either longstanding or recent. The pictures he has selected suggest one's bewilderment in attempting to form a decision as to good or evil, better, or worse. Fifth Avenue at 49th Street in 1850 and thirty years later; old country store *vs.* modern chain store; portraits of Hegel, Darwin, Andrew Mellon, Mussolini, Hitler, Marx,—shall we say good or bad, better or worse, as compared with the nearly pictureless days of Charlemagne? There are sections on the development of the idea of progress since Francis Bacon's time, since previously the maintenance of the *status quo ante* or a return to ancient purity had been watchwords of reformers—good old times *vs.* new deals. Then Dr. Barnes records a note of disillusionment and well founded suspicions of the supposed inevitability of continued advance, so alarmingly intermittent in the past.

The knowledge necessary for writing a history of civilization which includes the accretions of recent times so far transcends that of the most indefatigable collator that the task has to be apportioned out among many specialists or at least be submitted to their criticism. Dr. Barnes, with the aid of Henry David, has written his book but taken the precaution to submit the various sections to appropriate specialists whose names form a long list in his preface. Editors of coöperative histories have always found it very difficult to line up a number of authors and secure a coherence and consistency agreeable to the reader. Dr. Barnes's plan, since he is a clear and efficient writer, a discreet quoter, and a patient accumulator of pertinent facts and statements, insures a satisfactory degree of authenticity with a far happier presentation than is possible in a *Sammelwerk* in which continuity is sacrificed to precision. Sometimes exactness is all essential but in a work like the present the general trend of affairs is the important thing since special topics can easily be looked up in the books to which the author constantly refers.

It will have become apparent that Dr. Barnes and his collaborator have been highly successful in a very difficult and onerous task. Were the information he so conveniently furnishes a commonplace among economists and sociologists, in legislative assemblies, reform associations, and letters to the *Times*, few would be inclined to question that the Social Heritage had reached an unprecedented stage of perfection.

James Harvey Robinson, formerly professor of European history at Columbia University, is the author of many books on history and civilization, including "The Mind in the Making" and "The Ordeal of Civilization."

Farm
not for sale

The author of TIME TO LIVE

Gove Hambidge

tells how he made his dream of a farm come true in his delightful book

Enchanted Acre

JOHN COURNOS, the noted novelist and critic, in his charming review of *Enchanted Acre* writes: "Lives there a man so deadened by subways, movies, the overhead roar of the 'L,' the traffic and din of the city streets, that he has never stopped to ask himself what it was all about and has not given a random thought to the delights of the country and of country life which of late even the poets have forgotten?

"I myself was brought up in the country, and the sight in the city of green grass upon which I may neither sit nor lie is almost enough to drive me to despair. And there are moments when, even if this were permitted, it would not be enough. 'The farmer owns the farm, but you own the landscape,' is all very well for a philosopher like Emerson; it does not answer the very real need one sometimes feels of the 'enchanted acre,' the possession of which, in spite of petty annoyances inescapable in this best possible of all worlds, has apparently given a profound contentment to at least one man, the author of the book under consideration. 'Adventures in Backyard Farming' is the subtitle Mr. Hambidge gives his charming book, and for me at least it has the thrill of quiet adventure."

These adventures and misadventures in "backyard farming" tell of rich, personal experiences in gardening, bee-keeping, fruit culture, raising animals, finding a new sense of leisure and many other topics of practical interest. A wise book of stimulating ideas for everyone who has, or hopes to have, even a small plot of land.

ILLUSTRATED $2.50

WHITTLESEY HOUSE
McGraw Hill Building, New York

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HELEN WADDELL

In this issue of the *Saturday Review* appears a modern poem by Helen Waddell. She possesses as well another poetic talent, a rare gift of translation which has enabled her to re-create, with all their original delicacy, in modern English, poems written as many as thirty centuries ago in Chinese. With the re-issue of *Lyrics From the Chinese*, there becomes available again a volume which enthusiasts of her work can ill afford to miss. $1.50.

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

•

ALFRED S. DASHIELL

The Editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and the Managing Editor of *Scribner's Magazine* have written a book which makes clear the essential elements and the development of the short story. Particular stress is laid upon the short story's modern aspect. The volume includes work from Chaucer, Addison, Scott, Poe, Stevenson, O. Henry, Hemingway and Faulkner. $2.00.

A STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY

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The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE following account of a remarkable yearly literary event comes to me from *W. Storrs Lee* of the Middlebury College Press, Middlebury, Vermont:

> For ten years writers have been quietly meeting for a forthnight session in the mountains of Vermont. With suitcases bulging from manuscript, cartons of cigarettes, and old clothes, they arrive at Bread Loaf Inn, which was willed to Middlebury College two decades ago by one Joseph Battell, a writer himself and a "connoisseur of mountains."
>
> The conferees come from every part of the United States, are of every age from the college undergraduate to the aged gentlelady who for fifty-five years has been collecting rejection slips. There is clash of type, purpose, and personality.
>
> An old school bell hung aloft a tower of the Inn calls the writers to the first 8:30 "class." Then follow three other hour lectures or discussions on such subjects as "The Essayist at his Desk," "Tone, Rhythm, and Vocabulary in Essay Writing," or "How to Write the Article," led by *Gorham Munson;* "Why Write," or "The Rise of Realism," by *Julia Peterkin;* "The Starting Point of a Novel," or "Juveniles," by *Gladys Hasty Carroll;* "Some Essentials of Dialogue," by *John Mason Brown;* "Relativity in Poetry," by *John Crowe Ransom;* "From Manuscript to Book," by *George Stevens;* "The Utilization of Material," by *Bernard DeVoto.*
>
> An hour each afternoon is given over to a general or specialized round table discussion at which any subject related in any way to writing is tossed into the blanket. Evenings are reserved for guests or staff lecturers and readings.
>
> But the greatest worth of the Conference to writers comes in the private sessions with staff members, when dog-eared manuscripts are brought forth and in plain talk the author learns how good or how bad his writing is.
>
> As an institution the Conference dates back to 1926, when *John Farrar*, then editor of *The Bookman*, considered it high time "to furnish a place and opportunity for those learning to write professionally, to receive honest criticism in an atmosphere of friendliness from a group of experienced writers, critics, and editors." In those first years Bread Loaf had on its staff membership such figures as *Grant Overton, Harriet Monroe, Isabel Paterson, Hervey Allen, Joseph Auslander, Herbert Gorman, Margaret Widdemer, Maxwell Aley, Stephen Vincent Benét, Floyd Dell, T. S. Stribling,* and *Jean Wick.* The directorship has passed successively from Mr. Farrar to *Robert Frost* to *Robert M. Gay,* and, finally, to *Theodore Morrison* of Harvard. He has turned an experiment into a permanent institution, and this year made the tenth anniversary session the largest and most successful in its history.

About a month ago I had a very nice communication from *Lawrence S. Williams,* out at the Teller House, Central City, Colorado. Two years ago he wrote me about the show at the old Opera House. This year, of course, they gave a musical revue with scenes and songs in the spirit of the '60s, '70s, and '80s.

"*Robert Edmond Jones* invited some of us to come back stage after the show to see the lovely costumes and meet the cast. He said he was not trying to have his people impersonate *Patti, Janucheck, Joe Jefferson,* etc., but to give the sort of plays and choruses that were given here in the boom days. While *Nan Sunderland* was doing Lady Macbeth, a woman in

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE: *Staff and Fellows*
Top row: Gorham Munson, John Crowe Ransom, George Stevens, Theodore Morrison, John Mason Brown, Raymond Everitt. Middle row: William Harris, Victor Lowe, Victoria Lincoln (Mrs. Lowe), Robert Stallman, Mrs. DeVoto, Julia Peterkin, Mrs. Brown, Bernard DeVoto, Mrs. Everitt. Bottom row: Mrs. Munson, Isabel Wilder, Shirley Barker, Gladys Hasty Carroll, Mrs. Morrison.

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the audience said, 'I've seen "Hamlet" twice, but I don't remember this scene.' And when 'Rip Van Winkle' was awaked by the ballet girls in long skirts, and appeared with a sweeping white beard, somebody said, 'Oh, of course, he's King Lear!' "

Henry L. Mencken endorses *Herbert W. Horwill's* "Dictionary of American Usage" (Oxford). He says it makes his own collection of the same sort of material look puny. . . . *James Hilton's* "Lost Horizon," when reissued in 1934, sold twenty-three times as many copies on republication as in the original edition. Morrow has now republished Hilton's "Without Armor," *Dorothy Thompson* contributes a new introduction, and Mr. Hilton a preface. . . . Republication is becoming quite the thing. Owing to the success of *John Steinbeck's* "Tortilla Flat," Covici-Friede have reissued his two previous books, "The Pastures of Heaven" and "To a God Unknown." The first originally appeared in 1932, the second in 1933. . . . *Martin Mooney,* that star crime-reporter, has, in "Crime, Incorporated," written the story of the nation-wide rackets which, in their various ramifications, are said to exact a toll of more than fifteen billion dollars a year from American business. His book carries an introductory letter by *J. Edgar Hoover.* . . . . . On September 5th *"F. P. A."* printed in the *Conning Tower* a "Vowel Quintain in Gerunds," by *Gelett Burgess.* I have received the following communication addressed "To Gelett Burgess at Dux and at Large in the *Conning Tower* of September 5, 1935."

COMFORT YOU WITH PARTICIPLES!

Ah, yes, old age is just one grand decaying—
The poets set this theme to minor keying.
And graybeard Casanovas, still pursuing,
Had better stay with wife[1] and watch her sewing,
Or comfort grandchild[2] wailing: "See, I'm c'ying!"
Than imitate an antique furnace sighing!
But ladies' whims there's really no foreseeing—
Though Time scants breath, and you'll (there's no gainsaying)
Grow purple piping: "Queen-in-Calico-ing[3]!"
Some lass will love you for your purple cooing!

Gretna Green (At Home).

1. Being a bachelor is no excuse; you hadn't *orter* be one!
2. Anybody's if you haven't one of your own.
3. Or flannelling, or when as in silks or Rayons your Julia goes!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 76)

W. S. PORTER—"THE ETHICS OF PIGS"

"In my line of business," said Jeff, "the hardest thing is to find an upright, trustworthy, honorable partner to work a graft with. Some of the best men I ever worked with in a swindle would resort to trickery at times."

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The New Books

Fiction

CHOCOLATE OR VANILLA. By Fannie Ferber Fox. Knopf. 1935. $2.

Mrs. Fox's understanding of the people she writes about is a continual astonishment. In the short stories in this volume, she reveals a minute knowledge of the lives and minds of a variety of human beings. She has observed them down to the last gesture;—she knows with an almost scientific exactness the particular habits of each one, what their houses are like, what sort of food they eat, how they think, speak, and move. Her material is much the same as that of her sister, Edna Ferber, and she writes with as much penetration and cleverness of the Middle Western American of the present moment. Like her sister she has made a pattern of her own out of her view of American life, and she has, perhaps, more humor and a warmer humanity.

She is at her best when she is describing the lives of average people. In her hands they are never dull, for she shows them to us in such entirety that we have an amused sense of being eavesdroppers,—we feel that we are learning more about other people's lives than we might reasonably hope to find out. She knows exactly at what moments to give us glimpses of her characters. We see them, not in times of emotional stress, but busy with the small details of their lives, off their guard and completely themselves.

She is essentially a realist,—in a glamorous mood her work has a faint tawdriness, a made-up quality. In her best stories she makes short work of romance. "But It's True," with its mordant ending, is as clever a commentary on American wives as "Dodsworth;" "Honey" and "A Splendid Piece of Work" are sharp bits of satire.

C. C.

THE VALLEY. By Nathan Asch. Macmillan. 1935. $2.50.

Born in Warsaw of a roving family, Nathan Asch saw much of Europe before moving on to America about twenty years ago. He studied at Syracuse and Columbia, got a job in Wall Street, gave it up for writing, and went back to Europe. After some years he left Paris for the valley in the Berkshires which provides setting and theme for this book. A forgotten corner, only sixty miles from New York but off the line of traffic; a place of condemned roads, abandoned farmhouses, a degenerate native stock, of stray refugees or castoffs from the city. One new-rich pair try to buy up the countryside: the woman means to play the lady of the manor and begins to talk of "her people." But the natives will have none of her: "They were farmers who, though now quite ruined . . . and though they themselves were old and dying, would not be patronized, or sell their lands."

Beyond this stubborn pride they have few virtues. Their main recreations are hard cider and valley gossip. Most of them are queer and some of them are mad. Sex mania and perversion lurk and lower in the tumble-down farmhouses. The child Drury Lame with her dreadful precocity, and besotted Old Man Preston and furious Martha Akin, all are products of their sterile and stagnant environment. There is no hope for them in these hills, in these decrepit houses whose only possible future is for newcomers like Polish Stefan and Leocadia and their dirty, hardy brood, till presently the inevitable new highway shall bring the Valley within commuting radius of the City and filling stations and tourist signs definitely mark its conquest and extinction.

The chronicler has seen this region in its last years as a sympathetic outsider taking notes. He has an extraordinarily sharp eye for the essentials of Yankee rural life, but remains an alien and a city man; and we see him returning with relief to a New York apartment as soon as he feels that the Valley has said, for him, its last word.

The book, rather a miscellany of sketches than a sustained narrative, is written in the simple, direct, uncompromising style now current but without the dry detachment so often visibly striven for. This chronicler has more than a trace of the high pity which so many of his contemporaries have abjured with suspiciously shrill laughter.

H. W. B.

ENBURY HEATH. By Stella Gibbons. Longmans, Green. 1935. $2.

This is a story of the younger generation in the London suburbs, and for the most part a familiar example of its category. The young people rebelling against the stuffiness of uncles and aunts, their efforts to achieve their own independence, their small difficulties over household expenses—all this is recognizable material. It is mildly amusing, easy to read and easy to forget. A few years ago Miss Gibbons concocted, in "Cold Comfort Farm," a delicious parody of the English novel of the soil. If only she would give us, now, a parody of the London suburban novel, instead of merely adding another to the list!

G. S.

GREEN RUSHES. By Maurice Walsh. Stokes. 1935. $2.50.

This reviewer thinks that Maurice Walsh is doing with his romantic novels of Ireland somewhat the same sort of thing that John Buchan has done with his Scotch romances. The present book which opens with certain members of a flying column of the Irish Republican Army at the Anglers' Hotel in southwestern Ireland, is on the whole the story of some fine, comradely fighting-men and how they won their wives. It is full of fresh air and the out-of-doors, and its days are days when the world seems young, despite even the despair that fell upon Sean Glynn, in Part the Second. There are five parts to the story, and the first is the telling of Owen Jordan the Irish-American doctor, who finally wins the heart of Margaid MacDonald the Scotch lass taken prisoner, whose brother, Captain MacDonald, takes a fine place throughout most of the book. In the second part this Scotchman tells of the trouble that came on Sean Glynn, and of how Joan Hyland, its cause, was also its eventual cure. Part Three is the objective story of White Patrick's marriage, and of how Enright of Knockanore Hill proved himself for once and all before the Danaher men, finding a fine wife in Ellen Roe. In Part Four you will find the legend of the Red Girl knitting up a pleasing young love story, and also a deal of good fishing—the piscatorial art indeed is cele-

(Continued on page 23)

A Modern Indian Goes a Wooing

George Grayhawk was a full-blooded Indian. The woods and the fields were an open book to him. But when George fell in love with the pretty city-bred information clerk in the great New York department store, he was very much like a fish out of water. Says WILLIAM ROSE BENET: "I have rarely read as good a description."

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE NINE TAILORS. By Dorothy Sayers. *Harcourt, Brace.*

ROMAN SPRING. By Margaret Chanler. *Little, Brown.*

ENGLAND UNDER QUEEN ANNE. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. *Longmans, Green.*

Hens, Roosters, and Chickens

K. C. of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, *wants help in locating any books, chapters, or references in books, essays, or poetry having to do with hens, roosters, and chickens. "I do not want," she says, "any technical books on poultry raising for money, but rather anything that has to do with the history and social life of the fowl."*

"HAIL, Chanticleer," as Diogenes exclaimed. It's so long since I've seen a poultry farm that I don't know what the etiquette in the best society there is today, but possibly K. F. will consider the discussion, entitled "On the Hen," on pages 217-222, in ESSAYS AND ESSAY WRITING (Little, Brown, I think), edited by W. M. Tanner, and E. R. Sill's "Human Nature in Chickens" on pages 222-224 of the same volume, matter to the point. Innumerable novels of the soil, of course, have scenes in which barnyard fowl appear as part of the background if not in more important fashion, though I cannot recall any in which a hen, chicken, or rooster holds the role of leading character. That is reserved for the drama with Rostand's CHANTECLER (Duffield), whose noble apostrophe to the rising sun adds new majesty to the cock, "the cock" that, in Shakespeare's words, is "the trumpet to the morn," and "Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat Awake the god of day." Shakespeare apparently had a partiality for that fowl for he mentions him again in Hamlet and also in THE TEMPEST and RICHARD III. Chanticleer, indeed, appears frequently in the poets, being mentioned by such others besides Shakespeare as Chaucer, Milton, and, to come down to later times and lesser men, James Russell Lowell. The ancients also inclined to him, for quotations concerning the cock are to be found not only from Diogenes but also from Seneca.

The chicken, humble companion of the proud rooster, apparently has not as frequently stirred the creative imagination, though that is not to say that the great of the earth have ignored her. The approach, however, is somewhat different. Shakespeare, as usual, yields a reference, in his adjuration in TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, "If you love an addle egg, as well as you love the idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell." Henry IV of France coined the pious sentence so frequently adapted by our own politicians of pre-depression days, "I wish that every peasant may have a chicken in his pot on Sundays"; Cervantes gave currency to a popular saw when he wrote in DON QUIXOTE, "Many count chickens before they are hatched," and Swift evidently was the source of current slang in his "I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty if she's a day."

And now the hen. Ah, the hen! There's a really magnificent poem on her by the late Oliver Herford, so magnificent that I cannot refrain from quoting it in full.

Alas! my child, where is the Pen
That can do justice to the Hen?
Like Royalty she goes her way
Laying foundations every day,
Though not for Public Buildings, yet
For Custard, Cake and Omelette.

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DANGEROUS MR. DELL *David Hume* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Superior-criminal with irons in every fire runs afoul Cardby and Son. Detectives, and hell breaks loose.	There's hardly a crime in calendar that's not attempted, committed, or thwarted in this rip-snorter.	Thriller
MURDER IN BLACK *Francis Grierson* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Ebony visaged killer runs wild in London till Supt. Sims and Prof. Wells solve his secret.	By the time you find out who "Black Man" was and how he did it you don't much care.	Run-of-mill
DEATH CUTS A CAPER *David Magarshack* (Holt: $2.)	Aging actress slain in London boarding house. Police thereupon sift slightly lurid lives of inmates and guests.	Some interesting data about "tarot" cards, a lot of rather nasty people, and a puzzling wind-up.	Lethargic

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—*Oscar Wilde*

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The Parade Of The Sword And The Cross

Ch. 4 Cato, The Champion Hypocrite Of The World
Ch. 5 Caesar, The Man Who Tried To Become A God
Ch. 10 Mohammed, The Prophet Of The Sword

BOOK III

The Savagery Of The Middle Ages

Ch. 5 Marco Polo, The Link Between Europe And Asia
Ch. 7 Joan Of Arc, Maid Of Orleans And Mother Of France
Ch. 9 Columbus, Who Didn't Discover America

BOOK IV

The Awakening Of Humanity

Ch. 1 Martin Luther, The Peasant Who Defied The Pope
Ch. 3 Shakespeare, The Creator Of A New World
Ch. 5 George Fox, An Aggressive Fighter For Peace

BOOK V

The Beginning Of Real Civilization

Ch. 5—Charles Darwin, Who Introduced Us To Our Ancestors
Ch. 9 Lenin And Gandhi, The Forerunners Of A New Age
Ch. 10 Demagocracy vs. Democracy—Mussolini, Hitler, And Roosevelt

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The Clearing House

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Or if too old for such a use
They have their fling at some
abuse. . . .
No wonder, Child, we prize the Hen,
Whose Egg is mightier than the Pen.

After that Ben Jonson's dedication of the hen to the purposes of Lucullan feasts is bitter anti-climax.

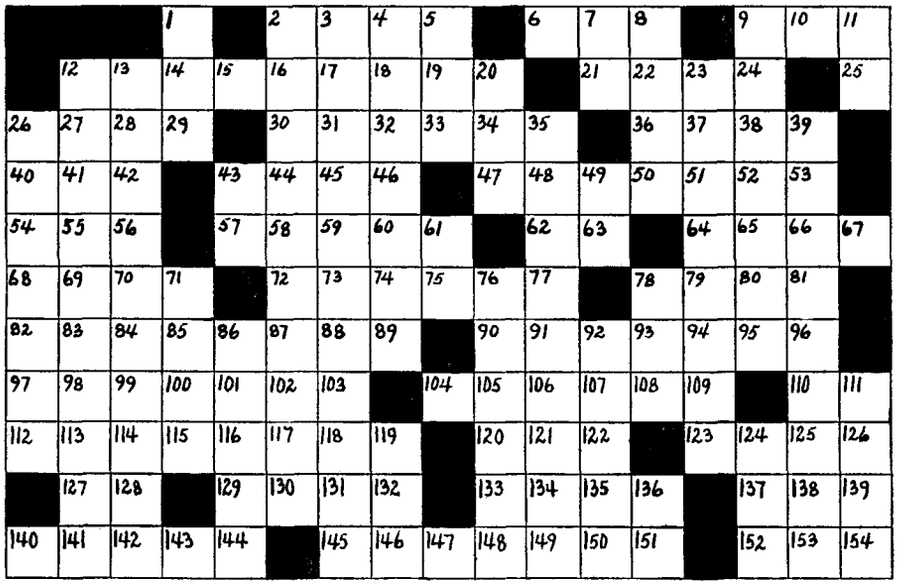
Stories to Tell to Children

L. A. S. of Helena, Ark., *writes: "Last year we had a story hour for children every Saturday (in the library which she heads). We used Cooper's* TAL *and found it a great success. We are now endeavoring to make plans for the coming year and are finding it hard to make a selection. We would appreciate it very much if you could suggest a book or collection of stories for us to use."*

Many years ago in Cleveland, O., I was taken into a branch library which laid particular stress on work for children and which had a room specially planned for story telling for them. It had what was, or at least seems in my recollection, a huge fireplace before which were grouped low chairs for little folk who clustered about it while the librarian held them in delighted attention. She took the clue for her stories from the tiles which ran round the embrasure of the fireplace and which were removable and exchangeable for another set. One series represented the wanderings of Ulysses, the other the Arthurian legends, and as her stories unfolded she referred to the pictures before her. I have no idea whether the tiles, or, indeed, the library itself, are still in existence but they sprang to my mind at L. A. S.'s request. Perhaps the time-honored favorites that were thus pictured might serve the purpose of L. A. S.'s library; they are to be had in editions for children such as Padraic Column's THE ADVENTURES OF ODYSSEUS AND THE TALE OF TROY OR THE CHILDREN'S HOMER (Macmillan) and Howard Pyle's THE STORY OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS (Scribners). However, she may have already used those tales. There's an excellent collection of stories by that delightful writer who graced our pages last week, Walter de la Mare. Together with Thomas Quayle he has edited a volume of READINGS (Knopf) which contains short stories by old and new writers and extracts from well-known books, and which is varied enough in content to have something within its covers for every stage of childhood. An older work, and also an admirable one, is Horace E. Scudder's THE CHILDREN'S BOOKS (Houghton Mifflin), which is a veritable treasure house of juvenile literature. Another good collection is THE STORY HOUR (Houghton Mifflin), by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Eva M. Tappan's series of fifteen volumes, entitled THE CHILDREN'S HOUR, offers graded reading in full measure. And there's always Kipling to fall back on,—THE JUNGLE BOOKS for older children and THE JUST-SO STORIES for the younger. And Joel Chandler Harris's UNCLE REMUS, and, of more recent birth, Carl Sandburg's ROOTABAGA STORIES (Harcourt, Brace), and . . . . But what's the use? If I really begin to enumerate good tales that might be told, I'll still be at it next week.

Double-Crostics: No. 77

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. The British Imperial Government (figuratively).	25 136 1 54 42 105 79 116 74
II. Iowans.	26 88 154 115 5 95 37 57
III. Geoffrey Crayon.	113 49 4 17 126 151
IV. A Scotch town Barrie made famous.	6 55 122 51 145 46
V. Conduces.	135 66 77 152 71
VI. Russian czar.	149 100 22 114
VII. Dash.	56 99 43 118
VIII. Desperado.	138 19 128 137 98 82 123
IX. To appropriate.	104 147 8 45 36 111 40
X. Frolicsomeness, archness.	102 15 52 121 87 61 48 150 69 140 108
XI. Science of birds' eggs.	62 50 21 127 119 80
XII. Infinite.	94 89 75 2 101 30 64
XIII. Pampered.	131 73 14 34 103 28 3 92 16 38 153 86
XIV. Faith, fidelity.	129 106 31 144 41
XV. Coquettish glancing.	120 44 10 117 93 72
XVI. To bully.	53 142 84 33 125 112
XVII. Greek letter.	134 18 39 85
XVIII. Forward; turbulent.	96 7 83 76 133 27 20 141
XIX. Disconcerted.	65 29 107 24 13 78
XX. Ancient epic.	58 11 23 110 68 139 35
XXI. Divisions of geologic time.	132 9 67 90
XXII. Anchor.	12 146 124 70 130 59 60
XXIII. Rigidity.	81 47 91 32 63 148 109 143 97

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

brated from the book's inception! And the last Part gathers up all the threads of the strange and tragic story of Nuala Kierley, broken in Ireland's cause, brings all to a head; and in it Archibald MacDonald finds his true and brave love and Sir Henry Hanley that Dublin is indeed a bad town for him. Robert Louis Stevenson could write such romance, in his Scotch way; and Walsh is a born teller of tales. Note the beautiful and moving story told by Mickeen Oge in the lounge of the Anglers' Rest.

For all lovers of romance this is a fine book, written with style, with an unforgettable background. It is full of sadness and mirth, exciting adventure and loyal love.

W. R. B.

Travel

THE GASPÉ. By John M. Clarke. Yale University Press. 1935. $3.

Thirteen years ago when Mr. Clarke's book was published for the first time the Gaspé peninsula in eastern Canada was virtually a wilderness. Not only were the roads miserable, they were actually dangerous, and there were many places along the coastline that were inaccessible. The traveler in those days was less of a tourist than a pioneer, which accounts for the comparative obscurity surrounding that part of the world.

Mr. Clarke being a geologist went there for more than the simple satisfactions of scenery and cool weather. He went there looking for sigmoids and carboniferous rocks and evidences of the dawn of history. He found them all over the place and this fact perhaps blinded him a little to the more commonplace attractions of the locality.

But that is all over now. Since the author's expedition into the Gaspé wilderness a wide road has been built around the whole peninsula for a distance of nearly 500 miles. It should be numbered among the great scenic highways of the world, if it is not already, and compares excellently with such historic highways as the Grande Corniche or the Simplon Pass. Its vistas vary every mile, each one more breath-taking than the preceding.

The road hugs the south shore of the St. Lawrence until the river widens into the gulf and the gulf becomes the open sea. Where else are mountain, meadow and sea in such brilliant proximity? The French spoken is sixteenth century and difficult even for a Frenchman to understand at first hearing. The people are stolid and suspicious, and become friendly only after prolonged observation.

Mr. Clarke might have said a little more about them and about the flavor of their homes and countryside. He chose instead to be historical giving *in extenso* the detailed history of the Gaspé. His book is therefore definitive rather than illuminating, although of course it might have been both. The real taste of the Gaspé is given by David McCord who writes the introduction, and who, if he had kept on, would have produced a book more to my liking.

R. S.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

GREENWICH VILLAGE APARTMENTS, 92 Grove Street, opposite Sheridan Square Park, for exclusive bachelor men, women. Convenient subways. Ample sunshine, through ventilation. Elevator, refrigeration, fireplaces, sunny, breezy roof-terrace. 3 rooms, bath, $45-$55, unfurnished. Apply resident housekeeper.

BOY UNDER THIRTEEN, bright, lively, love of adventure, good background, will be received in home of master Philadelphia boys' school. Box 652-A.

WANTED OCT. FIRST: For use as living quarters (by business executive, single, home evenings only) that part of Doctor's suite unused by him; within walking distance of Midtown Manhattan. Box 661-A.

YOUNG SOUTHERN WOMAN, college graduate, studied abroad, desires part time position. Secretarial and journalistic experience. Can also sing. References. Box 662-A.

COLLEGE WOMAN, owner of delightful apartment in exclusive elevator building (East 60's near Lexington), will rent corner room or share apartment with congenial business woman, after October first. Day bed, convenience, privacy. Box 663-A.

WANTED IN PITTSBURGH: Room and board for young male student offering only service as a capable cook, houseworker, and companion. Vif, well read, agreeable. Box 664-A.

BOSTONIAN, THIRTY, intelligent, educated, seeks acquaintance or correspondence with interesting man. Box 665-A.

WANTED: Companion, recreational activities, Manhattan, lady. Box 666-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, Indiana-born and in her thirties, bored with a dull editorial job, would enjoy letters from a gentleman old enough to be corroded with some humor. Box 667-A.

CIRCUMSTANCES CRAMP STYLE of energetic young woman. Would like to share ideas with educated person of opposite sex interested in people, books, plays, music, social problems. Box 668-A.

CITY BUSINESS COUPLE—long to learn more about suburban life, country, trees, birds. Want unfurnished 3, 4, 5 room apartment in two family house or small house on estate—reasonable commuting. Will lease. References. Box 669-A.

IS THERE A GENIUS in the house? Rebellious young semi-pro, takings mostly medals, seeks intrepid companion for perilous new undertaking: Adult screen melodrama (*vide* Hecht-MacArthur). Shadow-proof brain, preferably one-ton model. Objective, artistic satisfaction. Object, money. Box 670-A.

INTELLIGENT MIDDLE AGED woman will give 2 days service small shop in exchange for comfortable home. Other arrangements considered. Box 671-A.

YOUNG MAN, vicinity Phila.—New York, would like to meet person who might cooperate to try make life more interesting for both. Box 672-A.

UNSURE OF YOUR WRITING? Desk-hardened copy-editor diagnoses faults. Send up to 1,000 words with $1.00. Sincere analysis, constructive criticism. No marketing. Crerar Harris, 8224 Austin St., Kew Gardens, L. I.

SHORT STORY WRITING. Two 12-week courses beginning September 25 and October 1. Classes limited. Rates reasonable. Edna Yost, 15 Gramercy Park.

EXPERIENCED UNIVERSITY librarian desires responsible library position. Excellent references. Box 673-A.

CLASSIFED

SCHEDULE OF RATES

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

AUCTIONS

COLLECTORS, LIBRARIES will be interested in important auction of First Editions, Americana, Autographs, Special Items taking place next season starting October. Opportunity to purchase rare items at reasonable prices. You can bid by mail. Write for FREE CATALOG of next auction. Chicago Book & Art Auction Co., Dept. 1, 410 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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LITERARY SERVICES

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YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New Authors invited. Write, or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

GERTRUDE R. WHITE, literary agent. Manuscripts criticized, revised, marketed. Typing service. 3816 Chrysler Building, New York.

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Who

but the author of *The Flowering Thorn* . . .

could touch the secret places of a woman's heart so tenderly, with the delightful humor and the understanding of the tiny line which divides joy from tears, that you will find in—

Margery Sharp's

new novel

FOUR GARDENS

The secret garden . . .

There, behind crumbling walls, Caroline slipped through the gate, free at last from Mother and dusting and dishes; there she tended the overgrown flower beds, and met the lad who read Ruskin aloud to her.

The war garden . . .

She must help somehow, Caroline felt, and while her husband (not the lad who read Ruskin) piled up contracts, working night and day to make army shoes, she planted runner beans.

The manor garden . . .

But she never saw the beans in pod. War profits brought her and her children to Friar's End. There she secretly lent army shoes to the gardener to see whether the soles were "paper," as they said. There Lally and Leon grew up into beings she loved but could not understand.

The roof garden . . .

Her silent husband died at his desk in her arms. The fortune was gone. But the son and daughter she loved faced it with chins up. In *their* happiness *her* life was justified . . . and she smiled as she watered her little roof box of tulips.

$2.50 at all booksellers

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Old Quercus was lively with arpeggios of candor just before going on vacation. He left the following notes in case his colleagues were short of copy. They are.

IN case anything should happen to me while on my vacation I depose this Memorandum, which will serve to answer any questions. ☞Not caring for the baptismal names given me by my old Danish parents I rechristened myself. My full name, at present, is Panchatantra Eusebius Grillparzer Quercus. P. because the *Panchatantra* is one of my favorite books. E. to remind me to read the Father of Ecclesiastical History. G. in honor of the Viennese dramatist, too long forgotten. ☞Sometimes I change the G to stand for Gin, Göttingen, or either one of the Goncourt brothers. ☞Göttingen is my favorite university; I hope to attend its 200th anniversary in 1937. ☞If subscribers complain that my name is incongruous, it is no more so than Edward Everett Ginsberg, commemorated on a tablet in the city of Boston. ☞My favorite incongruity in literature, thanks to contemporary slang, is Thackeray's sedentary and contortionist exclamation "My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair." ☞My chosen wine is Chateau Yquem because I like to believe it has some family connection with Michael Eyquem de Montaigne. ☞I often know what books are best without taking the trouble to read them.

☞I think the greatest value in the book market is the Oxford Press *Boswell's Johnson* (with introduction by Chauncey Tinker) in the *textbook* edition, $1.25. ☞The average bookseller does not know of its existence. ☞The other day I overheard a man in an elevator say "What floor is National Velvet?" He meant the company of that name, not the book. ☞I overheard a mulatto girl in a train say "You should have seen that mellow spick I danced with." ☞I overhear all sorts of things, without half trying. ☞The tenth Muse is the deity of Radio: her name is Decibel. ☞The worst thing that can happen to a book is to be read by the wrong people; to an author, to be inveigled into one of those Literary Luncheons run by that Lady Organizer. ☞On this topic read A. G. Macdonell's forthcoming and highly entertaining *A Visit to America*.

☞Man is often an ingenious animal; now he sells beer in cans; a publisher is the kind of fellow who, if books were sold in cans, would forget to supply a can-opener. ☞A haberdasher is the kind of fellow who sells outing shirts without breast-pockets so you have nowhere to keep your cigarettes. ☞Everybody makes mistakes, even Edith Wharton. In the first edition of *The Age of Innocence* she quoted as part of the Solemnization of Matrimony the opening of the Burial Service. ☞This I learned from Reginald Brewer's *The Delightful Diversion* (Macmillan). ☞I was sorry to hear of the death of Charles Sessler, veteran Philadelphia bookseller, who crossed the ocean 135 times in search of literary rarities. He was a charter member of the Dickens Fellowship, and like all great bibliophiles a little and pleasantly mad. ☞He chased across the Atlantic to buy the MS of Dickens's *Mud Frog Papers* which was probably not worth having anyhow. ☞A writer I know says the place he would most like to be buried is in the lovely Evergreen Garden at the Country Life Press. ☞Why not, I said? Your books are buried out there in the stockroom. ☞I twitch with fellow feeling for the New York bartenders who were horrified when a customer asked for vanilla in his gin fizz. ☞That's exactly the way I feel about the prevailing literary tastes.

☞My favorite story this week comes from Mr. J. A. Spenceley of London, Ontario. Apropos a recent allusion here he remembers *Punch's* picture of an ancient collier tossing in a storm off the coast of Wales. Skipper and mate anxiously studying a time-worn chart. The skipper stubs his finger on the grimy sheet and says: "If that's a flyspeck, we're safe. If it's a rock we're done for."

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
FOUR WINDS *Roland Pertwee* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	Poor but proud beauty inherits vast English estate after battling nifty racketeers. The hero is peachy.	Pulp
THE STRANGER WITHIN *Matthew Trill* (Stokes: $2.)	Novel	Newcomer, ill and friendless, crashes hostile village. Slowly wins it over and grabs himself a pure and wholesome gal.	Gushy
RAIDERS OF THE TONTO RIM *Gary Marshall* (Hartney Press: $2.)	Western	Wal, pard, Jim Vestal is the Yippingest, shootinest, ridinest hombre in all the West. Protectin' gals and cattle is his hobby.	Average

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